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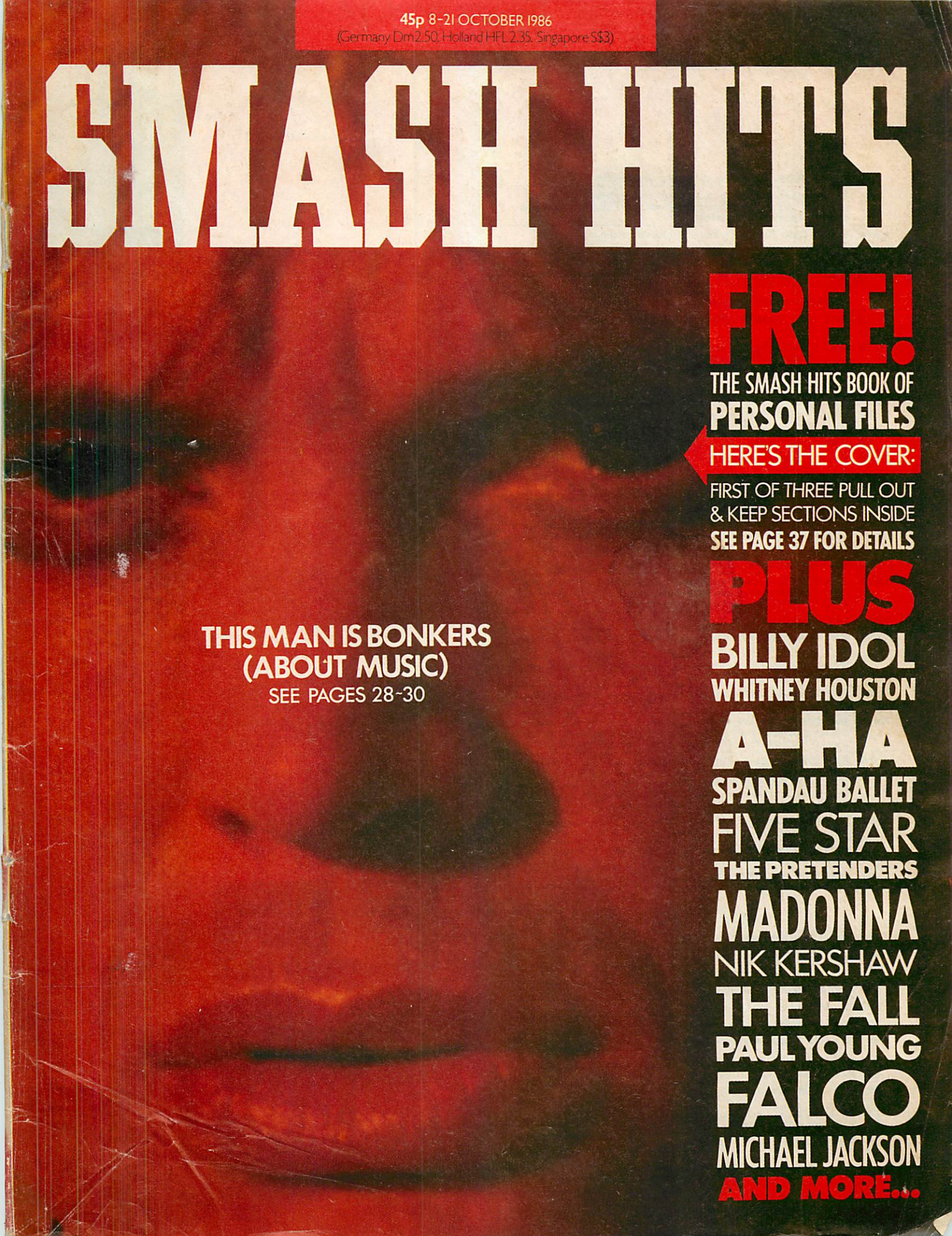
SMASH HITS



THIS MAN IS BONKERS (ABOUT MUSIC)
SEE PAGES 28-30

FREE!
THE SMASH HITS BOOK OF
PERSONAL FILES
HERE'S THE COVER:
FIRST OF THREE PULL OUT & KEEP SECTIONS INSIDE
SEE PAGE 37 FOR DETAILS

PLUS
BILLY IDOL
WHITNEY HOUSTON
A-HA
SPANDAU BALLET
FIVE STAR
THE PRETENDERS
MADONNA
NIK KERSHAW
THE FALL
PAUL YOUNG
FALCO
MICHAEL JACKSON
AND MORE...

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74-75	**ALBUMS:** Including the new "vinyl" "outing" by, um, Norwegian johnnies, what's their name. . . **A-ha**, that's it. . .
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SONGS

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● **Cover photo: Billy Idol by Paul Rider**
● **Issue number 205 (that's Volume 8 Number 21 in old money).**

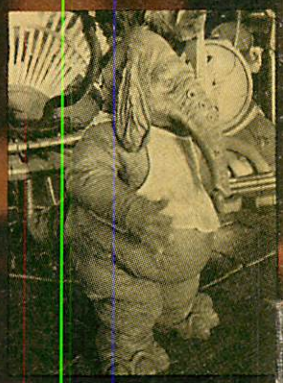
Here we have a scene from the most exclusive film in the world. . . *Captain Eo*, a "space fantasy" starring Michael Jackson. So exclusive, in fact, that it's only being shown in two places in the entire universe – Disneyland in California and Disney World in Florida. It was "supervised" by famed film directors Francis Ford Coppola (*The Godfather*) and George Lucas (*Star Wars*) and, although it's only 17 minutes long, it cost absolutely *millions* of dollars to make (though nobody's admitting *quite* how much. . .)

The result of all this expense is a slightly feeble "plot" in which M.J. is supposed to be – gulp – the commander of an intergalactic battleship, complete with a "cute" and cuddlesome crew of two robots, a flying monkey called Fuzzball and a miniature elephant named Hooter whose trunk turns into a flute. *Very* useful. Their task is to rescue the wicked Supreme Leader (played by "respected" actress Anjelica Houston in about six feet of make-up) from the forces of evil; only trouble is that Michael gives his orders in *such* a weedy little voice that it's difficult to take him seriously.

Still, the dance scenes are. . . completely brilliant. And not only that but there are two new Michael Jackson songs on the soundtrack: "We Are Here To Change The World" (a rather sickly sing-a-long affair) and "Just Another Part Of Me" (a work of pure genius). And not only *that*, but it's all filmed in 3D which means that when you "don" a pair of special spook-glasses everything goes v. cosmic *indeed* – laser beams appear to shoot forth from the screen, asteroids float around the theatre and Michael Jackson almost steps (bloog!) into your "lap". In other words, it's all very spectacular, if not particularly "deep". And, as Pet Shop "Boy" Neil Tennant (who knows about these things) put it, "They manage to cram more special effects into 17 minutes than you get in the whole of *Star Wars*. . ."

▲ Anjelica Houston looking for a trowel to take her make-up off with.

▲ Michael Jackson prepares to jump into someone's "lap" in a twisterrific "dance" scene. . .



▲ Hooter the elephant and his musical trunk.

► Michael Jackson not in an oxygen tent but with a flying monkey on his shoulder.

MICHAEL JACKSON
SMASH HITS

▲ Ver Biscuits and some "clothes"

▲ Dickie Davies and his eyes

Photo: Rex Features

Half Man Half Biscuit, eh? *What* a group. Can anyone match their "probing" "genius"? (Yes, but *Bitz* can't remember who it is. . .) Not *only* do they dedicate their single "Dickie Davies' Eyes" to that veritable God of *World Of Sport* but they entitle the B-side "I Left My Heart In Papworth General" – where *Bitz* was "born"!!! (Except it wasn't really). *And* the extra tune on the 12" is called "The Bastard Son Of Dean Friedman" who is *Bitz*'s favourite "singer"!!! (Except he isn't really). Astounding, really, is it not? (*?? – The entire universe.*)

FEELIN' GOOD'N' LOOKIN' GREAT THE *BITZ* WAY

Yeuccchhhh! If there's one thing *Bitz* really hates it's people who are horribly, horribly fit – always bouncing up and down and spinning on their backs and showing off their pectorals and making everyone else feel really weedy and slothsome. Take Five Star, **for instance. Everyone knows that they're incredibly sprightly'n'healthy but now they insist on telling us all about it in the new issue of *Fitness* "magazine" – and just examine, if you will, their list of "diet and beauty tips":**

1. Drink lots of water, as much as you can.
2. Don't drink alcohol or *Coke*.
3. Eat liver (*blog*!) which is good for the whites of your eyes.
4. Broccoli keeps your hair and skin looking good and glossy (*bleugh*!).
5. Make sure you have clean hands before you touch your skin.
6. Take vitamin supplements, particularly vitamin C.
7. Take lots of hard showers which stimulate the skin.
8. Always use body lotion after the shower or a bath (*pooh*!).
9. Use steam on your face to open the pores and purify the skin.
10. Face packs are very important if you wear lots of make-up.

Euuuughhhh! Sounds horrible to *Bitz*. And what's worse, it is, of course, totally and utterly wrong. ***Fortunately* Bitz knows the *right* way to keep lookin' good and feelin' great – and what's more it's got absolutely *nothing* to do with eating liver or – heaven forbid – broccoli. So, here they are – *Bitz*'s own 10 steps to health and fitness:**

1. On *no* account drink water (too much can lead to water on the knee, or even on the brain). Instead drink at *least* five cartons of *Um Bongo* per day.
2. Make sure you have plenty of "food supplements" – a couple of packets of *Midget Gems* and half a dozen *Rolos* twice a day should do the trick.
3. Exercise your jaw regularly – a packet of *Hubba Bubba* will help.
4. Old potato peelings mixed with a *Birds Eye* Roast Beef Dinner For One makes a good face "pack" (hem hem.)
5. Dipping your fingertips in old pots of *Copydex* "glue" will firm and strengthen your cuticles.
6. Listening to Sarah Brightman's records (not ones done with Aled Jones) is an excellent way to burn off unwanted calories.
7. Avoid all foods with the letter C in their name. (The only exception to this being *Crunchie* bars.)
8. *Wagon Wheels* rubbed into hips and thighs are good for getting rid of cellulite.
9. Put a few drops of *OK Fruity Sauce* into your bath water to refresh your skin.
10. Reaching to turn the television over from *Top Green Bowls* to *Midweek Sports Special* and then back again is a very good stretching exercise.

Paul "N'n'n'n'n'nineteen" Hardcastle has got a new single out called "The Wizard". Not that exciting, you may think, but . . . it's also the new theme tune to *Top Of The Pops!* So, like it or not, you'll hear it every Thursday for the next decade.

Just who are this lot then? Well, they can't be Bananarama, because although there are three of them, there's a boy in there too and *anyway* they're not all wiggling from side to side. And they *can't* be some trendy bunch of "hip-hoppers" fresh from NY"C" – even though they *are* standing up against a bit of "graffiti art" – because they're not all wearing baseball caps round the wrong way or *Adidas* trainers with no laces and shouting "Yo! Yo!" and talking about "illin' 'n' chillin'".

"Hem hem," squeaks a little voice that reminds *Bitz* of bagpipes and Loch Lomond and things like that (for it is a Scots voice). "Hem *hem*! We are actually the **Shop Assistants**."

"The Shop Assistants who are Alex, Laura, David and Sarah and who come from somewhere very decidedly nooorrrrrth of the borrrrrder?" says an amazed *Bitz*.

"Yes."

"The Shop Assistants whose "The Shopping Parade" EP was described by Morrissey (a man who might be considered to have good taste *except* for that horrid hearing aid) as the best record of 1985?"

"Yes."

"The same Shop Assistants that are said to make a 'punk pop noise'?"

"Yes."

"The same Shop Assistants that have a new single coming out very soon entitled "Don't Wanna Be Friends With You" which will probably be more of the same 'poppy punk' that their fans have come to know and love?"

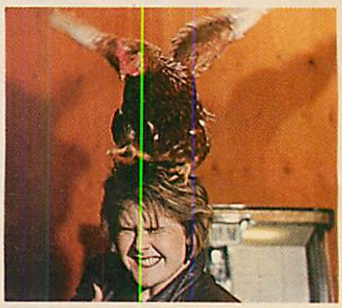
"The very same Shop Assistants."

Well, thank goodness we know who they are.

P.S. *Bitz*'s mum was a shop assistant once, on the bacon counter at *Tescos* (except she wasn't).

PEOPLE WITH

A famous "biologist" writes: A head is normally found at the end of a neck. It has (usually) two ears, a nose, a mouth and lots of other bits and pieces as well, e.g. eyes, "brains", teeth, half-chewed toffee *Revels* etc. This, when one thinks about it, is rather a lot to have balancing up there on top of the old body and it's really *quite amazing* that the whole lot doesn't just. . . well, topple off, so to speak. And yet people *will* insist on piling more and more objects onto their already over-burdened craniums, which really is *most* inadvisable. Take, for instance, the tragic case-histories presented here. . .



▲ **A chicken!!!** Even worse, a *live* chicken! **Alison Moyet** is clearly even madder than the "glamorous" *Smash Hits* model on page 6 who has a *dead* chicken on his head.

▲ **A bucket!** One of **It's Immaterial** sports the latest "mode" in designer head-gear. Not very fetching, is it? (*No – The entire cosmiverse plus one.*)

STUPID THINGS ON THEIR HEADS IN ROCK: PART 2

▲ **More buckets!!!** As demonstrated by all of **Was (Not Was)**. Still not very "fetching", are they? (*Yes, actually – a bucket.*)

▲ **A drum!** Actually, **Dizzi Heights** is demonstrating a new and highly *avant garde* way of "playing" drums using his bonce. Quite clever, really.

Photo: Retna

▲ **Two clocks and some remnants from a wool factory!!** The man above with the stunningly atrocious "hair-do" is somebody that no-one on the entire planet has ever heard of called **Dave Plastic**. No *wonder*!

Photo: Retna

▲ **An old hankie! Paul Rutherford** demonstrates just how un-stylish they can look (i.e. very).

Photo: Retna

▲ **A school cap!** This is an old ploy adopted here by **Smiley Culture** to try and convince people that he is not yet old enough to leave school. Not very convincing, actually.

Photo: Pictorial Press

▲ **A fruit bowl swiped from the side-board!!!!** (Actually it's **Carmen Miranda**, a South American "film star" of the '40s who starred in *millions* of famous films like. . . um. . . well the only one *Bitz* can think of was called *Flying Down To Rio*, but if she was around now she'd definitely be a "pop" star because she used to sing in a very high-pitched voice and always wore loads of fruit on her head because she was even shorter than Prince is. Or something.)

Photo: Retna

▲ **Larry Blackmon of Cameo's red "cod-piece" (with a couple of holes in it)**! As worn on the "head" of **Dave** "I'm a different Dave Stewart from the one in the Eurythmics" **Stewart**. (Actually it's a. . . um. . . well, *Bitz* doesn't actually know what it is, but it looks very frightening anyway. As does "friend" **Barbara Gaskin**.)

Photo: Retna

▲ **A surf board!!** As modelled by **Musical Youth**. (NB: the one member *not* wearing the surf board has keeled over. How rum!)

Photo: Pictorial Press

▲ **A paper carrier bag!** "Modelled" by **Sean Penn**. Bloog!

Photo: Alpha

▲ **An old leather shopping bag!** Interesting observation: **Falco** (for it is he!) is mad.

Photo: L.F.I.

▲ **A satellite dish!** Keeps the rain off and picks up messages from aliens at the same time. Modelled by one **Peter Murphy** (i.e. the bloke who used to "sing" in Bauhaus).

▲ **Half a haberdashery department and a couple of knitting needles! Martin "Degville"** of Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik minus his frightmask.

▲ **A couple of bars of chocolate!** Yos – it's **Elton John**, as he appears in a new advert for *Cadburys* chocolate. (He's written the accompanying "jingle", too, which he claims was his "last unfulfilled ambition in life".) But this is not the most foolish thing Elton has worn on his head, certainly not! For, amongst all the participants in the lush fretwork of spectacle that is "rock" as we know it (or something), this man has *the* most distinguished history of gracing his head with ungainly objects. Viz. . .

Photo: L.F.I

▲ **A hair-do!** And a not very nice one at that.

Photo: L.F.I

▲ **Another hair-do!** (*Sniiiiiiiip! Series discontinued . . .*)

THE *BITZ* SNOOT-COMPETITION

Paul Rider

▲ How opera costumes should *not* be worn – left, Rigoletto and right, "Donna" Anna (plus boots).

Ponder awhile, my little snootlets, the above photograph. Is it a) two completely mad (and rather ill-mannered) persons who have not much dress sense, or b) "culture"? The answer's a) *and* b) actually, and here's why: the outfits so tastefully "modelled" above are, in fact, real and 100% *bona fide* opera costumes!!! (Apart from the *Doc Martens*, that is.) They've been donated to *Bitz* by **Opera North** (a roving "culture" group who put on operas in the North of England), they were designed by a v. famous person who's also done the costumes for Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Phantom Of The Opera* and they've been worn by all sorts of operatic mega-stars. As you can see, they're really quite splendid (albeit a trifle uncomfortable), and therefore *Bitz* is now going to donate them to you (i.e. ver readers). But first, a brief description of the characters to whom the costumes belong.

Left: Some Italian bloke called **Rigoletto** from an opera called, erm, *Rigoletto*, which was written by some other Italian bloke called Verdi. Rigoletto is not very handsome (see picture) – he's got a hunchback and something funny down his "leg". Anyway, this dodgy old count fancies his daughter, so poor Rigoletto spends the entire opera worrying about her "virtue" – until he accidentally kills her, that is, thereby giving himself one less thing to worry about (?????).

Right: Some old crow called **Donna Anna** from Mozart's opera *Don Giovanni*. Donna Anna is nearly seduced by the lecherous Don Giovanni, but just as they're about to indulge in a spot of amazin' rumpo, her father interrupts and Don G. murders him. Doesn't *sound* very cultural, does it? (*No – all the people who are still awake.*)

To get you really in a snoot-mood, *Bitz* is also giving away 25 copies of "The Pavarotti Collection", a double album sung by that rotund star of operatic trillsomeness (i.e. **Pavarotti**, for it is he) featuring such "works" as "O Sole Mio" (the tune from the *Cornetto* advert) and "La Seranata" (whatever *that* is). So, to the inevitable question. Who wrote Bizet's *Carmen*? Was it: a) Bizet; b) Carmen; c) Andrew Lloyd Webber; d) some Italian bloke or e) a perv? Answers on a something operatic to **Smash Hits/Bitz Snoot-competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** to get here by October 21. Don't forget to state which costume you want; first one out of the codpiece gets their choice, next one out gets the other outfit, and the next 23 get Pavarotti albums. And, to tide you over till then, here's a little operetta wot *Bitz* has wrote . . .

▲ How an opera costume *should* be worn i.e. by a famous opera star. (This one's called John Rawnsley, who became famous for his "interpretation" of the part of Rigoletto whilst wearing the very costume on offer.) He's a kind of Simon le Bon of opera circles – except he's got a better voice.)

The *Bitz* National Opera Presents . . .

PEPITO LUCROTTI AND HIS AMAZING TECHNICOLOUR HORNPIPE (or something like that)

The scene: *A garden with flowers in and one of those marble fountain things in the shape of Cupid i.e. a cherub with a little bow and arrow with water coming out of his willy. It is evening. Enter Luciano Pavarotti or whatever he's called dressed as a Beefeater with a chicken on his head.*

Pavarotti: "Mi mi mi . . . My tiny hand is fro-zen!!!!! Which is a bit odd when you come to think of it, seeing as how a) I haven't got a tiny hand – in fact they are both quite fat and b) I am wearing a gigantic medieval mitten with thongs on it. Oh well." (*Takes out enormous hankie and wipes his fevered brow . . . Enter Dame Kitty Kirinawa or whatever she's called – you know vat old bird what sang at Prince Charles and Princess David's so-called wedding – dressed as a horse with bells on . . .*)

Kitty: "Mi mi mi . . . the phan-tom of the opera is . . . " (*Enter Andrew Lloyd Webber dressed as a roller skate with a cucumber on his head.*)

Webber: "This is plagiarism of the grossest kind if you ask me!"

Boris Becker: "So do I, mate!"

Audience: "??????"

CURTAIN

BITZ

▲ Those "winsome" Cocteau Twins have got a new single out called "Love's Easy Tears" and it's . . . very good. And they're quite jolly at the moment because the third "twin" Simon Raymonde has re-joined them – he was missing from their last album, "Victorialand". They're also going on tour – see *"Happenings"* for details.

FAN CLUBS

MICHAEL JACKSON
The Jackson World Club EMMC,
7635 Fulton Avenue,
N. Hollywood, California,
91605 USA.

FIVE STAR
PO Box 29, Romford,
London RM7 0ST.

PAUL YOUNG
PO Box 4UB, London W1A 4UB.

MADONNA
PO Box 203, Watford,
London WD1 3YA.

THE FALL
c/o Beggar's Banquet,
17-19 Alma Road, Wandsworth,
London SW18 1AA.

Some very strange "rumours" (i.e. true facts that no one will admit) have been reaching the *Bitz* "desk" saying that The Smiths **have deserted their independent record label, Rough Trade, for the giant multinational EMI corporation for lots and lots and lots of money. Most odd. Rough Trade haven't confirmed it but say that, whatever,** The Smiths **will have a new single out next week (on Rough Trade). It's called "Ask" (pronounced *Usk* in true Northern fashion), the B-side is "Cemetery Gates" (off "The Queen Is Dead" LP) and on the 12" there's an extra track called "Golden Lights". The group are also recording another single as *Bitz* "speaks", plan to tape their show at the London Palladium for possible release as a live LP and Rough Trade expect them to record a minimum of one more "studio" LP.**

▲ Nick Berry a.k.a Wicksy.

● **A CAB DRIVER WRITES:** Cor blimey, it's a lark all vis soap opera game innit, guv? Take vat *EastEnders* wotsit on TV. First vat Lofty bloke makes a record (not much cop ackcherly). Ven you get vat bird Anita Dobson wot owns ver pub having a hit single. Now you get vat geezer wot serves behind ver bar making a record as well. What's his name? Oh yeah, **Wicksy**. Vat's it. (*Actually, his name is* **Nick Berry** *– Ed.*) "Every Loser Wins", it's called, and it's ver one wot he keeps on playing on ver piano when he's skiving orf from serving up the pints in ver Queen Vic. Kind of soul music, I fink. I dunno, I reckon you can't beat a good bit of Chas 'n' Dave meself . . . I got veir record "Chas 'n' Dave's Knees-Up" at 'ome . . . bleedin' good it is, me and ver missus stick it on every time we (**Sniiiiiiiiiiiip!**)

THE MEATLOAF G

LFI

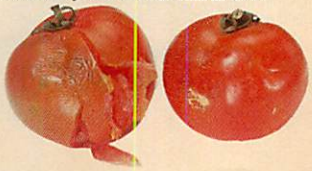
Meatloaf is quite a portly fellow, is he not? That is why *Bitz* decided to ask this American rock 'n' roll legend one or two things concerning the wonderful world of nosh . . .

SANDWICHES: "The sandwich was the first fast food before the hot dog and the hamburger. And the sandwich came from *you* guys – remember the Earl of Sandwich, man? – so it's all *your* fault. Don't *argue* with me because I go straight for the jugular."

COUGH DROPS: "When I'm in the studio and I have to sing, I start running round the place like a madman and I get all these cough drops . . ."

WATER: " . . . and loads of water. Most people might drink water from a cup but I drink all these whole big jugs and coffee pots. I drink water straight out of those."

TOMATOES: "Did you ever see *The Attack Of The Killer Tomatoes*? That's a pretty cool film and it has this song that goes ("*sings*"): 'The attaaaaack of the killer tomaaaaaahtoes (*bangs fist on table in time to "singing"*). The attaaaaaack of the killer tomaaaaaaaaaaaahtoes . . .' Jeez! I smashed my hand real hard. Ow!"



THEY'RE BACK! BACK! BACK! (SPECIAL BUMPER EDITION)

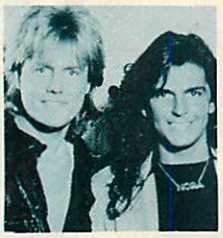
LIMAHL! Yes, he's back! Back! BACK! With a new single, "Inside To Outside"! And, er, that's it!

KIM WILDE! Yes, she's back! Back! BACK! With a new single, a version of The Supremes' "You Keep Me Hanging On"! And, er, that's it!

JAMES BROWN! Yes, he's back! Back! BACK! With a new single, "Gravity", to be followed by an album of the same name! And Dan Hartman (who wrote "Living In America") "penned" and produced it! And Alison Moyet sings on one song! And Steve Winwood sings on another song! And, er, that's it!

RED BOX! Yes, they're back! Back! BACK! With a new single, "For America", their first since their huge hit with that song with the horrible chorus that went "woah woah weeyyoooyayay" or whatever. And, er, that's it!

BOBBY GEE from BUCKS FIZZ! He's back! Back! BACK! With a solo single, "Big Deal", from the TV series of the same name! It's already been out once but nobody bought it so now they're giving everyone another chance! Hurrah! God bless Bobby Gubby! And, er, that's it!



MODERN TALKING! Yes, they're back! Back! BACK! With the preposterously titled "Atlantis Is Calling (SOS For Love)"! And the B-side's "You're My Heart You're My Soul" which flopped in Britain but sold over five million copies worldwide! And – hurrah! – they're coming to Britain soon! And the singer with the horrible long hair with the chain round his neck is bringing his beloved Nora with him too! Corr-ruddy-rikey etc. And, er, that's it!

AL JARREAU! He's back! Back! BA. . . . . (*sniippppp!!!!*)

UIDE TO FOOD

CHEWING GUM: "I'm very superstitious about chewing gum. I have to have chewing gum. I *have* to have chewing gum all over *everywhere*. I chew two packs of gum when I'm singing. I'll stuff it in my mouth all at the same time – two packs of *Juicy Fruit*. Ten pieces of gum is in my mouth, man."

HAMBURGERS: "We didn't have *MacDonald's* when I was growing up. We had *Jack In The Box*. You don't have *Jack In The Box* here? Thank your lucky stars you *don't*. It's a little building with a clown's head on the top – it looks like a jack in the box and you have to be real short to work there. They don't have girls that come out on roller skates but you drive in and talk to the guy but he can't hear you 'cos he's so short and he gives you a hamburger when you asked for a taco (*A gourmet writes: that's a dodgy old Mexican cream cracker type thing with minced meat in*)."

MORE WATER: "I didn't get any fillings in my teeth till about two years ago. I've got good teeth thanks to Texas water with natural fluoride. There's so much fluoride in the water in Texas that everybody's teeth are yellow. It's from all the cows that run around up there." (*?????*)

THE BIG SUPREME

▲ Barry Flynn and a car.

If your lifelong ambition is to become a pop star, just how do you go about achieving it? Do you: a) make sure you come from Liverpool; b) get an honours degree in Zoology from Manchester University; c) call yourself "Bonk" or d) get Andrew Ridgeley's younger brother to play drums for you?

Bitz hasn't got the faintest idea, actually, but Barry Flynn – the man behind **The Big Supreme** – has tried *all* of the above and seems to be doing. . . OK. So, "Baz", let us fwisk through your career and maybe pick up some "tips". Are you *really* from Liverpool?

"Yes."

Rivetting. And have you *really* got a degree in Zoology?

"Yeah. I'd love to get into all that Jacques Cousteau bit, going to The Great Barrier Reef and doing a bit of research into the Lesser Spotted Seahorse that hangs out in the little coral reefs there. I'd like to do a five year PhD (*snoot-degree*) on that."

And did you *really* release a couple of singles under the somewhat "risqué" (hem hem) name of "Bonk"?

"Erm. . . yes. I just thought it was a good name. I still think it is. I'd like to go under the name 'Bonk' now, but unfortunately the press and Radio 1 didn't like it. I think the infantile sexual connotations offended them. In fact, it offended everyone. People just thought it was tacky. I tend to agree with them, but I quite *like* that aspect of it. I think it's far better to go under a name like 'Bonk' than one like, y'know, 'Desert Hearts In Exile', something disgracefully pretentious like that. I was trying to think of a name that would look good written down, like 'Oxo'. I think 'Bonk' is pretty similar. People like *saying* it for some reason. . ."

How about "The Big Supreme"?

"It's not very good, is it? I quite like the fact that it's got a pseudo-arrogance about it. It's not really saying anything, it's just two adjectives strung together. It's not taking itself too seriously. . ."

And is Andrew Ridgeley's brother Paul *really* in The Big Supreme?

"Well, not quite. . ."

Barry goes on to explain that The Big Supreme is "just my songs, basically," and that he only recruited the other "members" after he'd already signed a record deal and needed a backing group. How, then, does he feel when people concentrate their attentions on Paul Ridgeley rather than on Barry himself?

"I think it's a laugh. Paul hates it, y'know? I think he gets really embarrassed about it. If I was in his shoes I wouldn't like it either, people being more interested in your relative than yourself."

▲ Paul Ridgeley and not a car.

And – spook! – who should peep forth from the "blower" at this very moment? None other than Paul Ridgeley himself. So, Paul, *are* you sick of people going on about Andy all the time?

"Totally."

Do you get on with him?

"Yeah, we get on fine. It's a shame we don't see more of each other, really, because he lives so far away, in Monaco. The point about my own career is that it is a different thing altogether to Andrew's, though obviously my career and his career are going to overlap, because we're in the same business. It can open some doors but it tends to give people preconceptions about me – I do get treated differently by people who actually know on first meeting that we're brothers than by people who don't."

Don't the rest of the group get a bit fed up with it all?

"Not at all. We get on like a house on fire. This is one of the happiest bands I've ever been involved with. The whole thing is usually made into a big joke. Sometimes I'll feel there's a problem because of certain press articles, but the band just deflate the situation so well. Obviously they're not bothered about it, and that makes *me* put things in perspective."

DON'T WALK

I was driving my car
To a back street bar
To pass the time away
It was one of those dead
Should have stayed in bed
Kind of nothing days
I'm going under that's a fact
You've gotta come on over
You've gotta come back

Chorus

Don't walk
You're giving me the run around
Keep talking
I don't wanna come down
Can't stop wanting you around me
Do what you wanna do
Don't walk

Now I can't decide
What to do tonight
I've gotta choice of one
I guess it's more oblivion
Watching television
Oh lot of fun
I'm going under that's a fact
You gotta come on over
You gotta come back

Repeat chorus

Just come running back
You're all I'm waiting for
Just come running back
You're all I'm waiting for
(Just come)
Just come running back
You're all I'm waiting for
(Just come)
Just come running back oh

Don't walk do do do do do
Don't walk yeah
Don't walk do do yeah
Don't walk
Just come a-running back
Don't walk don't walk
You're giving me the run around
Oh don't walk
Can't stop wanting you around me
Just come a-running back
Come a-running back yeah yeah
Don't walk don't walk
You're giving me the run around
Just come a-running back
Don't walk
Can't stop wanting you around me
Don't walk don't walk oh
Don't walk
You're giving me the run around

Words and music by Barry Flynn
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On Polydor Records

QUITE A LOT OF COMPETITIONS

● Brrrrrrr!!! The leaves are turning a horrible colour, giving up and dropping off trees and the nights are even colder than they were in the "summer". Sometimes "Mother" Nature is just too, too cruel, is she not? But wait! *Bitz* has the solution: witness, *à droite* (as they say in France), lots and lots of free things that. . . actually won't make you feel any warmer at all (unless you set fire to them haw haw). Life, eh? Still, *Bitz* doesn't want them so, for a chance of the so-called "postie" delivering them to *you* and not some old bag down the road, merely answer this question – where might a polar bear meet a penguin? Is it a) at the North Pole; b) at the South Pole; c) in a zoo? Answers on a thermal vest to *Smash Hits Cor! Bit "Parky" Today, Innit Guv? Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF* to get here by October 21. Put the number of the "item" you wish to win next to your answer and, um, hope for the best. First correct answers out of the freezer get the loot. Here we go. . .

1 DEF JAM
Five extremely "cool" 'n' hip 'n' bibbly 'n' yo! - some Def Jam caps – as in Def Jam the management company for all sorts of "cool" 'n' hip 'n' bibbly 'n' yo! - some American rap bands. Plus 25 12" copies of The Beastie Boys' "She's On It" and 25 12" copies of LL Cool J's "I Can't Live Without My Radio"

2 DAVID BOWIE
Fifty copies of a brand new book about "Dame" David Bowie called *Stardust* (– *The Life And Times Of David Bowie*). Not very many pictures in this book, but a rather interesting story of his "antics" from schooldays right up to now – as recalled by Tony Zanetta (one of the big-wigs in his management company) and a journalist bloke called Henry Edwards. Especially good is the "revelation" that he was toweringly unsuccessful for a very, very long time and apparently without an original idea in his head. Bah, rumbled!! etc.

3 GOOD TO GO
Good To Go, as any fule kno, is a v. trenderrific "hip hop" film starring, amongst others, Trouble Funk (v. trenderrific "hip hop" group, fact foes). *Review* has all the details, but *Bitz* has. . . the hats! (10 *Good To Go* cycling caps to be precise.) And *Bitz* also has. . . 10 Trouble Funk t-shirts to complete the outfit. So, haw haw dee haw haw to *Review*.

4 ZZ TOP
Fifteen copies of their new single, "Velcro Fly", encased in the least tasteful 7" picture sleeves ever invented. Un-zip the Velcro "zip" of some poor unfortunate's blue breeks and – voila! (i.e. bleeeeUUURRgh!!) – a photograph of ZZ Top. Have they no shame? (*No – "man"kind and quite a few females too.*) Plus 20 12" un-"zipped" versions of "Velcro Fly" (phew!!) and the very LAST famed ZZ Top key-rings (as recommended by M. Harket) in the whole of the world 'cos they're not being made any more. Sniff. . .

5 LOOSE ENDS
Twenty-five *signed* copies of the quite "sumptuous" Loose Ends Video Collection plus 25 *signed* LPs of the equally "sumptuous" new Loose Ends LP "Zagora" (whatever *that* means).

6 ID II DANCE COMPILATION LPs
ID is an incredibly "credible" magazine all about the following: a) people posing around in clubs you've never heard of jiggling to music you've never heard of; b) clothes you can't afford designed by designers you've never heard of; c) lots of people who went to art school you've never heard of and d) you can't read it because of all the wiggy drawings in the background. Thus *ID* is immensely cool – and being seen with it makes one immediately "in", "knowledgeable" about all things arty-farty and "interesting". What we have, then, are 50 arty-farty *ID* posters, 10 arty-farty *ID* t-shirts, 25 ID II dance compilation arty-farty LPs and 10 free subscriptions – i.e. the chance to have this "magazine" wedged in your letter-box every month for quite a long time to come.

7 THE BANGLES
Five double-packs of Bangles playing cards with very shiny 'n' shimmery Egyptian hieroglyphics (i.e. wibbly drawings of people with not very many clothes on that used to get drawn on pyramids in the "olden" days) on them. Plus 25 12" copies of their single "Walk Like An Egyptian".

8 GENERAL PUBLIC
Six original and highly snootlicious "limited edition" lithographic prints of the group by exceedingly "hip" New York artist Martin Burgoyne (the bloke who did those pictures of Madonna that looked like they were done by v. famous "dauber" Andy Warhol). Plus, 25 12 inchers of the new General Public single, "Faults And All."

9 HIPSWAY
Five pairs of very nice (hem hem) Hipsway boxer shorts – just in time for the winter too. Bliss! Plus 25 rather special packs of their new record "Long White Car", which has five tunes on. (One of which, "Tinder", is the music for the *McEwans* lager ad! "Fancy" that!)

10 SMILEY CULTURE
Ten rather summery "pork pie" hats which, strangely, are made of straw (*???*), plus 25 copies of his new LP, "Tongue In Cheek", which features all his famous rapping ditties and a few more that no one's heard yet (except Smiley Culture that is, and some people at his record company, and probably the bloke who (**Sniiiiiip!!!**))

A 'GROUP' WHICH IS CALLED BLACK

Black. It's the colour of Elvis Presley's hair. It's the colour of the rather trendy breeks that *Bitz* is wearing at this very moment. It's the mood that you get in when you go round the local sweetshop and they've run out of *Dairy Crunch* bars. Boo!

But **Black** is more than all these things. It is a group with a single out this very moment called "Wonderful Life". Black is actually just one person, Colin Vearncomb, a man who has not much taste in wallpaper. And there he is (right), dressed all in. . . black.

"My band is a bit of a Frankenstein's monster," says Colin (who comes from Liverpool). "Because they're all people who are in other bands. There's **Here's Johnny**'s bass player, **Grown Up Stranger**'s guitarist, **The Balcony**'s bass player who plays saxophone (*???*), Dick my producer playing keyboards and a lad who used to be in **Foundation** playing drums. And it would be nice if they could get paid."

Hmmmmmmmm. Not exactly the most famous musicians in the world are they? Still, that's Liverpool for you. Colin has been knocking around in Liverpool for a long time (he's 24) and it sounds very much like he samples all the "delights" that the city has to offer.

"I'm very fond of a drink," he confesses, "and I'm usually in The Albert having a chinwag with It's Immaterial."

The Albert?

"It's a pub in Lark Lane – the bohemian bit of Liverpool which is near where I live."

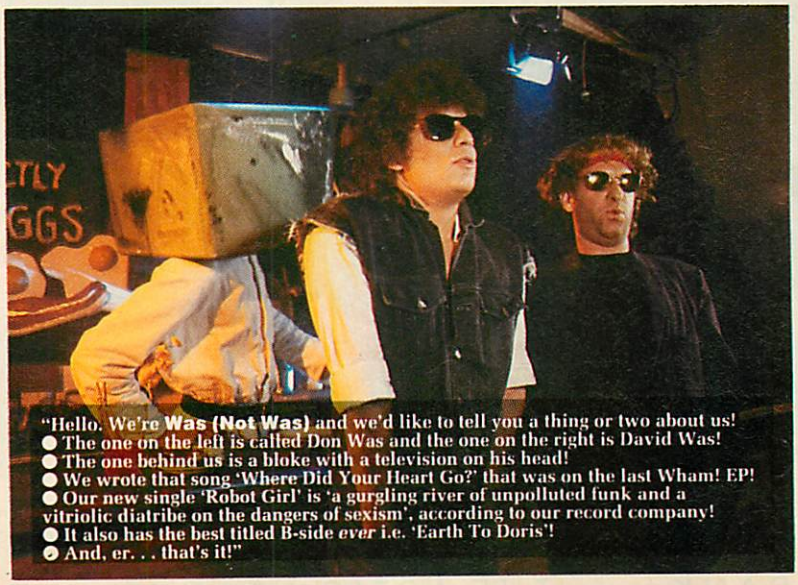
Colin doesn't look very "bohemian", though, does he? And anyway, how can *anyone* called Colin be "bohemian?" In fact, how can anyone who runs seven miles every other day and whose ambition is to take part in a marathon be anything other than very, very sensible? Indeed! But the thing that saves Colin from being *completely* sensible is that he sings opera in his spare time – for *fun*! He's got a baritone voice (whatever *that* is) and he sings things by Mozart and Schumann as well as Jacques Brel (an arty dead French person) "because it's a challenge". Fancy!

It's HERE! The most masterful piece of disco delirium ever invented! An utter landmark in shriekily screeched pirouetting pop tunes! The 1986 re-mix of the 1980 "classic" – the one that went "pooo POOOOO! pooooo POOOO!!" and to which lots of people flailed their arms about and looked extremely cool-free and no mistake – the one they called "Feels Like I'm In Love" by KELLY MARIE! **The one wot looks like a housewife in the "photograph" above!!!! (*We don't remember, it ackcheloi – quite a few readers.*) Oh.**

Never let it be said that *Bitz* can't keep a secret, eh? Like about all the very brilliant specials *The Tube* keep showing, for instance. Did *Bitz* tell you about last week's live Prince **special or this Tuesday's special (at 10.55 on Channel 4) about** Madonna **and** Sean Penn **filming *Shanghai Surprise*? No *Bitz* "ruddy" well didn't! (*Because you forgot – Ed.*) No, *Bitz* didn't! The cheek! In fact the "information" was, er, highly confidential and *Bitz* never gives out highly confidential information to anyone. Which is why, erm, *Bitz*'s lips are sealed about the 90 minute** Queen **live special on Saturday October 25 to be simultaneously broadcast on ILR local radio stations. So there, so-called "*Ed*"!**

"Hello. We're Brooklyn Bronx & Queens, the BB & Q Band, **and we're shooting up the charts with that 'super' disco stomper 'Dreamer'. Except that we don't *really* look like this – this is just an artist's so-called 'impression' of us as no one in the whole world, not even our record company, knows anything about us! Fancy that!"**

They're back! Back! BA . . . (sniiiii?!!)



"Hello. We're **Was (Not Was)** and we'd like to tell you a thing or two about us!
- The one on the left is called Don Was and the one on the right is David Was!
- The one behind us is a bloke with a television on his head!
- We wrote that song 'Where Did Your Heart Go?' that was on the last Wham! EP!
- Our new single 'Robot Girl' is 'a gurgling river of unpolluted funk and a vitriolic diatribe on the dangers of sexism', according to our record company!
- It also has the best titled B-side *ever* i.e. 'Earth To Doris'!
- And, er. . . that's it!"

BIRTHDAYS

OCTOBER

10: Martin Kemp of Spandau Ballet (25), **Midge Ure** (33), **David Lee Roth** (31)

11: Daryl Hall (38)

12: Rick Parfitt of Status Quo (38)

14: Cliff Richard (46) (and he still doesn't look a day over 38)

15: Gary Kemp of Spandau Ballet (27)

21: Julian Cope (29)

THE ACTION BANK · THE ACTION BANK · THE ACTION BANK

Now anyone over fourt can take their savings

Have you noticed that most of the people who queue up at Servicetills are

Account opening requirements and conditions must be complied with. Terms and conditions may vary. Seven days notice of withdrawal is required to avoid loss of interest. Registered office: 41 Lothbury,
have a minimum of £25 in your account when applying for a Servicecard. You can apply when

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een
out.

Our queues are now being joined by the likes of you.

Well look again.

adults?

We reckon that by the time you're 14, you could do with a savings account with a Servicecard. Like the NatWest On Line Account. At the mere press of a button you can withdraw up to £25 a week of your savings, check your balance or even demand a statement. You'll also get a regular magazine, a folder and a wallet with everything you need to handle your account. So what are you waiting for?

London EC2P 2BP. Account is available to anyone under 19. A minimum of £3 opens an account, of which £1 goes towards the cost of the opening pack and the remainder is credited to your account. You must opening your account with a minimum of £26 of which £1 goes towards the account opening pack.

THE ACTION BANK · NatWest · THE ACTION BANK

THE ACTION BANK · THE ACTION BANK · THE ACTION BANK · THE ACTION BANK · THE ACTION BANK

'WE WISH OUR MUM W

It's 5 STAR's first ever tour of Britain, and they're feeling a trifle homesick. in Sheffield and found out that, in between missing

SLEEPING IN Z-BEDS. . .

Deniece: "I've been sleeping on the Z-bed which is a lot of fun, as you can imagine – especially when you get all wrapped up in it. I really love going from one hotel to another. I think that's what I'd like to do eventually – work in the hotel business . . . perhaps own a few."

TRAVELLING IN A SWANKY LIMOUSINE. . .

Deniece: "The limo's great, really comfortable. No one can see what you really look like when you're sleeping. Doris is really ugly . . ."
Doris: "Thanks a bunch."
Stedman: "The limo was really my Dad's idea. He seemed to think it would be the best way for us to travel. Some nights Harry (*their chauffeur*) will drive us straight back home rather than on to the next concert, that's if we're quite near to London, because we miss our Mum and the cats."

COLLECTING USELESS "ITEMS". . .

Deniece: "There's something about hotels . . . like the little soaps and things you get in the bathroom. I love collecting those – I've got tons . . . they're so neat . ."
Lorraine: "She collects them before you have a chance to have a shower so we make sure we bring our own . . ."

DOING THEIR MAKE-UP. . .

Lorraine: "We take about half an hour to do our make-up properly."
Doris: "No, we can do it in 20 minutes . . ."
Lorraine: "We have to wear less mascara and black around the eyes than normal because it all ends up on our cheeks and we look terrible. Like Deniece, she came back on in the second half thinking she looked really nice, and started singing to all these boys and she just looked like something out of *The Evil Dead*."
Deniece: "Thank you. The audience don't care what you look like, as long as they're having a good time."

STAYING IN HOTELS. . .

Lorraine: "We thought being on the road was going to be a lot more hectic but it's fine. We just seem to sleep all the time. Sometimes we don't wake up until about 11, and then we've got to pack everything away ready for the drive to our next concert."

DRINKING CHAMPAGNE AND EATING CAKE . . .

Doris: "This morning we found out that we had a number one album and our single had gone to number four in the charts. Deniece answered the phone and went "number one" and, my goodness, my heart went somewhere but I don't know where."
Lorraine: "I was acting all cool under the covers but really I was shaking . . . It's just so brilliant. Our music publishers, Chrysalis, had a cake made for us at the hotel and sent it up on a trolley which was a lovely surprise. Then RCA – our record company – bought us some champagne, but we only had a glass each . . ."
Delroy: "I had to put up with Coke or this horrid carbonated water stuff . . ."
Doris: "That was before I splattered cake all over his face . .hhhhummmmm, it was *yummy* . . ."

AS ON TOUR WITH US...'

***Ro Newton* (words) and *Julian Barton* (photos) spent a day with them their mum and the cats, they spend their time. . .**

WORRYING ABOUT THEIR COSTUMES . . .

Doris: "We wish our Mum was on tour with us, especially when we can't get our costumes on properly. We have to really pin them up because sometimes zips come undone."
Deniece: "Last night we were ready to go onstage and Delroy was still in the toilet."
Delroy: "I must've forgotten to pin the zipper down, and the next thing I knew all these girls were screaming and pointing at my flies which had worked their way down without me noticing. It took me ages to catch on to what they were going on about."
Stedman: "I'm actually responsible for making the costumes but Dad has the final word. With these ones we were told the glitter wouldn't come off but it's gone everywhere. When we get back to the hotel after the concert I let the costumes dry out because they're wringing wet. We just hang them up all over the place. Sometimes I need to sew buttons back on or mend seams and at the next hotel we get them cleaned."
Doris: "So we don't go on all smelly and the crowd go 'UGGGHHHHH' . . ."

GETTING NERVOUS. . .

Deniece: "Each night before we go on, it's really a bit shaky. Backstage you can hear everyone screaming and it really gives you a warm feeling. The first night was great, we just went on and on for about two hours and we thought we didn't do enough. I think we spoke too much between each song."
Doris: "Sometimes I just stand there and think 'Gosh, here we are . .' and before you know it, it's gone so quick."

GETTING PRESENTS. . .

Doris: "Before we went onstage we met a 15 year old boy called John Pearson (*no relation, although he'd like to be*) who had drawn all these lovely pictures of us. It took him about three months to do. He was ever so shy and sweet. I thought he was nice and quiet until I spotted him in the crowd and he was just going crazy . . ."
John's reaction to meeting Doris: "Ummmm ooooh aaah, that's Dooorrrissss . . . oooh I'm all of a quiver, even me throat's gone dry . . . yikes . . . uuum eeeerrrrrrrrr . . .(*etc.*)"

GOING "MAD" ONSTAGE. . .

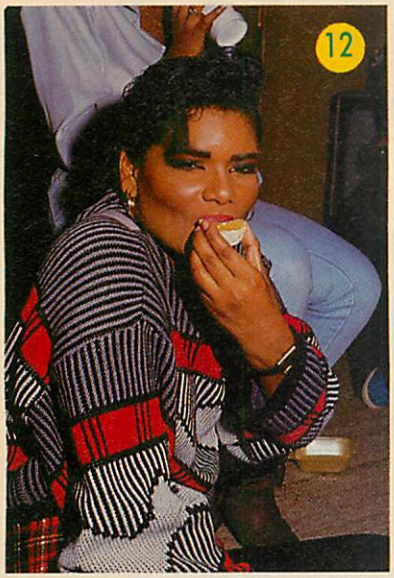
Delroy: "Every time I'm onstage I stand still most of the time and I watch all four of them because they're so mad – especially Doris and Lorraine."
Doris: "He's always calling me 'Midget' onstage . . ."
Delroy: "My sisters are always running over near the crowd. They mess about with the crowd so much that you think they're a bit wild, so I keep my eye on them."
Deniece: "If I see something really funny or hear anything I just look at Doris and she knows that kind of look and she starts laughing straight away. It's a sort of sign language."

MAKING PEOPLE SCREAM. . .

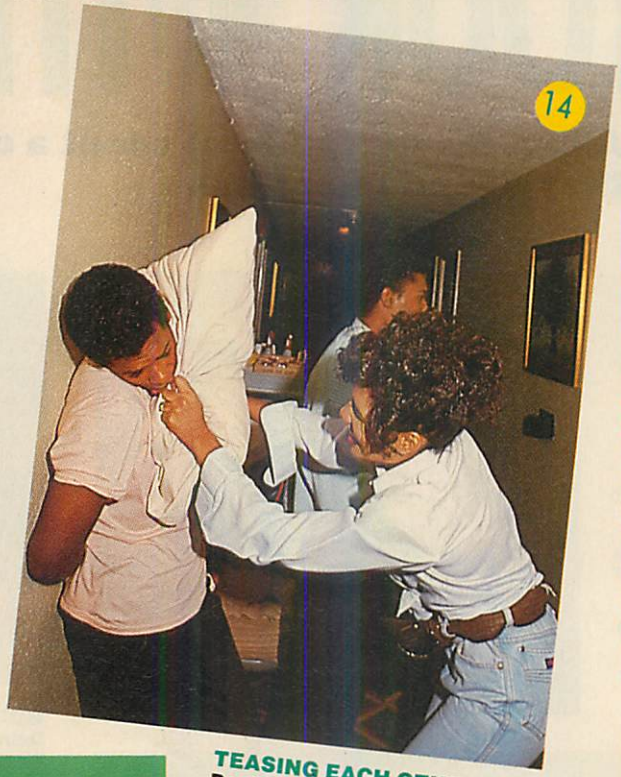
Doris: "We've been throwing water on the crowd on and off since the first night. They get a bit hot and they scream for the water anyway. Last night there was this boy and he was *well* away. Arms and legs everywhere. I was stood next to him and he grabbed me by the waist and I didn't know *what* to do. They were all laughing in the crowd! He was really boogieing on down."
Deniece: "Then there was a girl last night who was really crying to come up."
Doris: "She was bawling her eyes out, not just *nearly* crying!"

CONTINUED

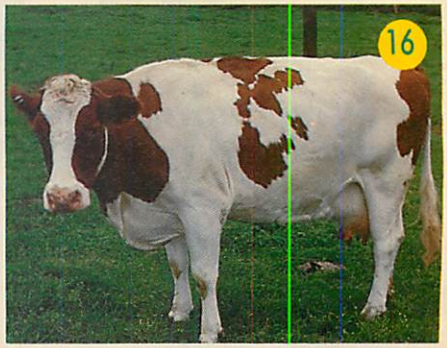
'WE WISH OUR MUM WAS ON TOUR WITH US...'



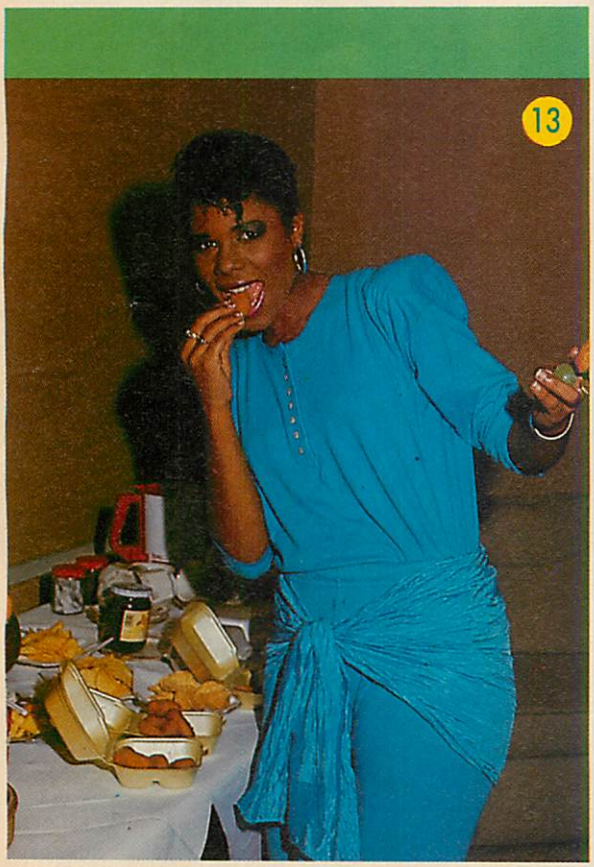
EATING LEMONS. . .
Doris: "I always eat lemons on tour."
Delroy: "Melons are lovely and lemons for afterwards."



TEASING EACH OTHER. . .
Deniece: "We're always teasing each other. . ."



DREAMING ABOUT CARS, HOUSES AND COWS (OR SOMETHING). . .
Stedman: "I'll tell you anything you want to know about cars. I'm getting an Audi Quatro next week – it's blue, cost a bundle of money and it's just lovely. It's been my dream car since the day we walked into the showroom and Dad said that one day I could have one. Well, the day has come and I'm really excited."
Delroy: "I'd like a big house in Surrey and a Lamborghini, a Rolls Royce, a Bentley and a big Mercedes."
Doris: "I'd like a cow."
Lorraine: "I want a house with two gigantic staircases."
Deniece: "I'd like some antique furniture."



EATING ANYTHING. . .
Lorraine: "I just eat anything. I had a tummy bug the other day and I felt sick."
Deniece: "She ate too much and threw up next morning."
Lorraine: "No I didn't."
Deniece: "You did."
Lorraine: "I just drank a load of coffee and Coke."
Doris: "She had a lot of gastric juices in her stomach. They put it in the paper that it was all five of us and it was on the news every half hour. And do you know where that came from? Just Lorraine being sick."

SPOONING OVER MICHAEL JACKSON. . .
Stedman: "I think he's a great person. I respect him for what he's done in the music business and I think a lot of people look up to him. I don't believe what's in the papers."
Doris: "When I heard the story about him in the oxygen tent I didn't think he'd be stupid enough but when I saw a picture of him in it, I thought, Michael, 'what *are* you doing?'."
Deniece: "Doris is his biggest fan. No sorry, she's his wife . . . she'd like to meet him, then she'd like to marry him."
Doris: "Well, I would like to do a routine with him, and then marry him."

SAYING HOW MUCH THEY LIKE *CRUNCHIE* BARS. . .
Five Star: "It's one of the family's favourite chocolate bars." (*Interesting pop fact: Five Star's tour is being sponsored by* Crunchie.)

BEING GRATEFUL TO THEIR DAD, BUSTER. . .
Doris: "If my Dad wasn't here, neither would Deniece be. She would've run off and had 20 children by now."
Deniece: "That's wicked."
Lorraine: "It's really good that he's around because I just don't feel secure without him. He's always here to give us advice and sometimes we need it."

a-ha Scoundrel Days

album & cassette

ten tracks including – i've been losing you

Distributed by wea Records Ltd. A Warner Communications Co.

HOLLYWOOD BEYOND

NO MORE TEARS

(Hey hey hey)

Well it's five o'clock in the morning
You're just getting in
And I don't ask you no questions
And you won't say
Where you've been
If there was a story to tell
What would it be
Did you meet some old friends
Or did your car break down again

Won't be the first time
Sure won't be the last
The heartbreak situation
Is a thing of the past

Chorus
No more (no more)
No more tears (no more)
Will I cry (no more)
Over you (no more)
No no more tears (no more)
Will I cry (no more)
Over you (no more)
(No no more tears no no more)

(Hey)

Well I lie awake in the night time
Thinking about things you said
Those love lines I heard
Were only in my head
Double standards double meanings
Drive me to my knees
This sign of love
Will only drive me to despair
The picture on the wall
Is the same next to my bed
The vision that I have for you
Will drive me out of my head

No more (no more)
No more tears (no more)
Will I cry (no more)
Over you (no more)
I said no more (no more)
No more tears (no more)
Will I cry (no more)
No no more tears no no more

No more
I said no more (no no no more)
I said no more (no no no more)
I said no more (no)

Won't be the first time
Sure won't be the last (no no)
The heartbreak situation
Is a thing of the past

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by M Rogers/ J. B. Rose
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On WEA Records

IT BITES

WHOLE NEW WORLD

Eight o'clock on Tuesday morning
I got it yesterday
She said she would send a letter
I haven't ate for days
I should've guessed that it was over
She always stayed away
My last hope was in the letter
To see what she had to say

I had to pull myself together
I had to be so strong
So I waited for the postman
And it wasn't long
Before I opened up the letter
And had to read about number one

Chorus
There's a whole new world out there
There's a whole new world
There's a whole new world
There's a whole new world
Ooh there's a brand new life out there
And I want you to know that
The chains of love
Are lifted from today
I miss you as I say
There's a whole new world for all

I had to get in touch with her
To see what I could do
My heart missed a beat
When she confirmed that it was true
A sudden lonely desperate feeling
Loomed around my head
She told me of her new friend
And how they planned to wed
She had been with him before
When is the baby born
So I cried for a moment
And then it got through
That if it's happened to me
It could just as easily happen to you

Repeat chorus

There's a whole new world out there
There's a whole new world
There's a whole new world
There's a whole new world
There's a whole new world out there
There's a whole new world
There's a whole new world
There's a whole new world
There's a whole new world for all

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HOW TO ENTER

Just answer this not-very-difficult question. Which of the following is *not* the title of a real book? Is it a) *A-ha: The Story So Far*; b) *The Secret Diary Of Adrian Mole*; c) *When The Wind Blows* or d) *The Nuances Of Nik: An Exploratory Study Into The Lyrics Of Nik Kershaw*? Write the answer on a postcard or the "back" of an envelope and send it to: **Smash Hits/Teen Read Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough, PE2 0YJ** to arrive not later than 21 October. Bong!

3 SECOND PRIZES

A *Nike* tracksuit! AND the Top 10 "Teen Read" books!

20 RUNNERS' UP PRIZES

A *Nike* t-shirt! AND the Top 5 "Teen Read" books!

WHAT IS TEEN READ?

It's a campaign to encourage people to read books by pointing out that not *all* books are about *The Joys Of Gardening* or *Geophysics: The Inside Story* or some other not v. interesting subject. Instead, the "Teen Read" Top 20 is going to be chosen by teenagers themselves and so will be full of books about pop music, snogging, spaceships, the supernatural, *Spitting Image* puppets and all the things you probably actually *want* to read about. So there!

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● **Hi there. I'm a 13 year old boy hunting for any Sam Fox lookalikes (or near enough).** I'm into Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik, Madonna, The Housemartins etc. If you're interested, please write to: Roy Peeka, 87 Purbrook Gardens, Purbrook, Portsmouth, Hants, PO7 5LE.

● **My name is Nicky and I'm 15.** I'm into FGTH, INXS, The Pet Shop Boys, Belouis Some, Cock Robin, Hipsway, Love and Money and sometimes a bit of Wham!, Duran and The Smiths. Anybody interested? Write to: Nicky Amor, 6 Dartmouth Close, Rayleigh, Essex, SS6 9PQ.

● **Hello, I'm a Japanese girl who would like to have English penpals.** I'm 19 years old and I like The Beatles, Bryan Adams, Julian Lennon and Paul McCartney. If you are interested please write to: Hiromi Ishii, 3-15-204 Higashi Nara, IBARAGI City, OSAKA-Fu, 567 Japan.

● **Hi, I am a 13 year old girl who would like to write to a French girl of my age.** I'm into George Michael and I also like sport. Please write to: Sarah Bailey, 33 Cross Lane, Marple, Stockport, Cheshire, SK6 6DJ.

● **This is a Bowie fan calling all other fans, so take your pens and get to the nearest post office.** I also like Mrs Penn, Blondie and Phoebe Cates(??). If you're 16 like me or around that age and like the Young Ones and some of the above, be my hero just for a day (especially if you're an American or a Chinese girl) and break radio silence to: Stuart Reynolds, 38 Wellbrom Drive, Longridge, Preston, Lancs, PR3 3TB.

● **Hi there, I'm an 18 year old boy and my name is Franco.** I'd like to hear from both girls and boys from over the globe. I'm into Madonna, A-ha, The Pet Shop Boys, Wham!, Depeche Mode, Starship, Prince and I enjoy chart songs from both Britain and the States. If you're interested start scribbling to: Franco Lo, Block 27, Marine Crescent, #19-05, Singapore 1544.

● **My name is David Perry, I'm nine years old and would like to write to anyone from anywhere in the world.** I'm into Samantha Fox, Feargal Sharkey and A-ha and I also like boxing. If you're interested please write (enclosing a photo if possible) to: 39 Sidney Road, Beeston, Nottingham, NG9 1AN.

● **Hello, we're two squares who are totally into Mozart and Beethoven!** Ackcheloi, we're two Madonna freaks who are also into Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik, FGTH, Five Star, The Pet Shop Boys and most other chart music. If you are female aged 14-16 and like parties and having a good time write to: Nik and Rik, 3 Kirby's Row, Toadsmoor Road, Brimscombe, Glos, GL5 2UF.

● **Calling all Depeche Mode fans.** We're two 16 year old Swedish girls looking for two English male penfriends. We're also into New Order, Erasure, TFF, Yazoo and lots more. We dislike Wham!, Duran and heavy metal but like dancing, going to concerts, reading and travelling. If you're interested please contact: Linnea and Cecilia, Tenngiutaregatan 11, S-41507 Gothenburg, Sweden.

● **Hi, I'm a 14 year old girl from Germany looking for a male penpal from Britain.** My hobbies are swimming, collecting records and original autographs, going to the cinema etc. My favourite groups are Culture Club, Depeche Mode and Sigue Sigue Sputnik. Please send a letter and a photo of yourself to: Kerstin Voss, Goessingstr 28, 4600 Dortmund 13, West Germany.

● **Hi, we're two girls aged 15 looking for two males to write to.** Deb likes Spear of Destiny, Sisters of Mercy, U2, Dire Straits and most other music. Jo is into Prince, Go West, Robin George, A-ha, Hall and Oates and most other music. Contact us at: 44 Stocky Bank Drive, Mirfield, West Yorkshire, WF14 0HD.

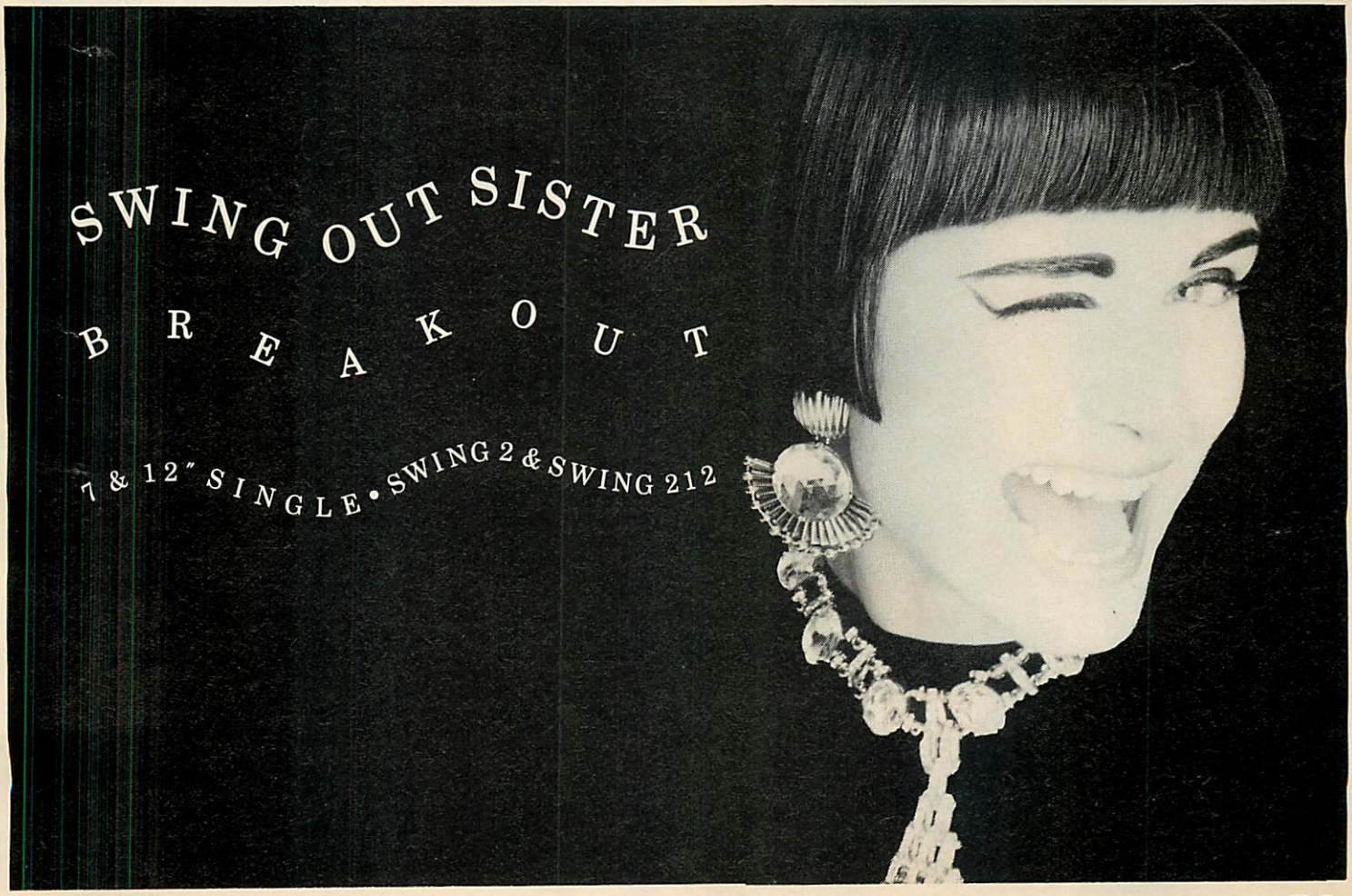
● **Hi, I'm Siobhan and I like Dire Straits and Simple Minds.** If you are aged between 14 and 16 and live anywhere outside Ireland please send a letter and a pic to: Siobhan Cullen, Convent Road, Letterkenny, Co. Donegal, Ireland.

● **Hi, I'm a 16 year old boy called Warren and I like A-ha, Mr Mister, Huey Lewis And The News, running, drawing and films.** If your interests are similar please send a letter and a pic to: 26 Parkside Road, Fallowfield, Manchester, M14 7JG.

● **Hello! I'm a 17 year old girl looking for penpals from all over the universe.** You must be a regular *Smash Hits* reader and there is no age limit. Anyone who is interested please write to: Debra Bell, 95 Cannon Cockin St, Sunderland, SR2 8PW.

● **Hi, I'm a 14 year old boy and I'm into Bucks Fizz and The Eurythmics.** If you like them too then write to: Chris Jones, 204 Longford Road, Cannock, Staffs, WS11 1QN.

● **Hello, I am a 16 year old boy from Sweden and I would like to correspond with music lovers.** I like Depeche Mode, Jean Michel Jarre and Boy Tronic. Please write to: Karl-Magnus Anbring, Skatte Garden 6C, 58241 Linkoping, Sweden.



CHRISSIE H

She may be 35 years old, married to J

▲ Chrissie Hynde "wielding" a "mean" "axe" (hem hem).

Interview: Tom Hibbert

"The fact that we can take something else's life – be it the life of a cow or a cat or a spider or a five year old girl – the fact that some people think it's there to take, the fact there's that kind of mentality so prominent in the world today. . . well, we don't really have a prayer. So sit back and watch the show folks. . ."

The world is in a big mess and Chrissie Hynde is displeased with this less than delightful state of affairs. She rails against animal slaughterers, against pornographers, against Ronald "Mad Dog MacDonald" Reagan with all the venom she can muster (quite a lot). And this is heartening, for when we sat down to start this interview an hour ago she wasn't saying too much at all. Apart from "I don't think I'm interesting enough to substantiate being interviewed" and "I find this such an odd situation sitting here talking about myself like I'm so interesting. It just makes me feel like a real. . ."

Do not be deceived, viewers. Sir Christopher Hynde is pretty engrossing once she gets going. Really rather stormy, in fact, and her tirades are peppered with words of an unprintable nature – hardly the sort of thing you expect from a 35 year old mother of two, but we'll get to all that later. . .

Chrissie Hynde, an American from Akron, Ohio, came to London in the '70s and she's lived here ever since. In 1978, just as punk was running out of steam, she formed this rather marvellous '60s-pop-inspired group The Pretenders and had her first hit the following year with "Stop Your Sobbing". Since then there have been more hits ("Brass In Pocket", "Talk Of The Town", "I Go To Sleep"), numerous personnel changes (the Pretenders' original bass player Pete Farndon and guitarist James Honeyman Scott both died from drug related problems within months of each other in 1982 and 1983), Chrissie Hynde has had one baby by Ray Davies ('60s pop star with The Kinks) and another by Simple Minds' Jim Kerr whom she married in 1984. The kids are "pretty hip and groovy but I don't really want to talk about them because they've got nothing to do with it". In eight years The Pretenders have made three LPs and there's a fourth, "Get Close", on the way. Not the most "prolific" artiste in the universe, Chrissie Hynde, is she? No, and she doesn't give a damn – "Every two or three years is fine with me. I don't think anyone wants more than that. The way I pace myself, I'm almost happily unemployed. . ."

Back in the early days of The Pretenders, Chrissie Hynde was thought to be the wild woman of rock or something. She had quite a reputation for bad behaviour on the town – "Yeah, people *expected* me to be obnoxious so I could do anything I wanted. That was lucky." But now she's a mother and, not to put too fine a point on it, getting on a bit, has she, I wonder, "mellowed" or is she still a firebrand?

"What's that?" she cackles, "Something you put on cows?"

No, a "firebrand" as in a "wild person". . .

"I had breakfast with Sean Penn last week and I was hoping I'd run into Madonna so I could say 'Well, when I was talking to your *hus-band* over *break-fast*. . .'."

"In what ways wild? You mean sexually? What have you been hearing?"

Awkward, isn't she?

"No, I must have mellowed," she says more helpfully. "At my age, just the fact that I'm still *alive* proves I must have mellowed out because people don't carry on that wild and get away with it too long. But I've had a couple of kids and that really slows you down. Being a mother is like a full time occupation. . ."

I think both of us have forgotten what the question was by now, so we move swiftly on to the topic of The Pretenders' "image" – or lack of it. Back in those old days they always looked *so* haggard and drawn in photos, as if they'd just been dragged out of bed which they probably had. . . "We never were the most glamorous bunch of guys. Right from the start with the original band, none of us were like the greatest posers in the world and photo sessions were usually a bit of a balls up and we looked like we were about to throw up or something. And *videos* were even worse – we've done some pretty rotten videos – but I always thought that the charm of the band was that we looked pretty ugly. Particularly in this modern day and age where everybody's trying to look better and glossier all the time, it's nice to have a couple of *ugs* in there to relate to, you know. . ."

YNDE BLOWS HER TOP!

im Kerr and a mother of two, but Chrissie Hynde of The Pretenders is still a "firebrand".

Interesting observation: Chrissie Hynde is not remotely ugly. In America where she sells far more records than she does here (especially since The Pretenders' "stoating" Live Aid performance), she's even considered something of a sex symbol. And she's so utterly famous over there that she gets to hob nob with the even *more* famous.

Like – gasp! – John McEnroe!

"He used to come to our gigs. He's a big rock'n'roll fan and he plays the guitar – well, he's getting better – he plays a good solo, better than I can. I tried to show him but he's got a really stiff wrist so I had to grab his arm and shake it real, real hard, saying "Come on, get your wrist loose, you'll never play with a wrist like that" and the people with him were *horrified*. Because, apparently, his wrist has something to do with the way he plays tennis. So I don't know if I had anything to do with his sporting decline. . ."

Like – gasp! – the so-called "poison" Penns!

"I had breakfast by accident with Sean last week and I was hoping that I'd have a chance to run into Madonna a day or two later so I could say 'Well, when I was talking to your *hus-band* over *break-fast*. . ." Ha ha. But I didn't meet her so I couldn't get that in."

Drat.

"Madonna's a real cool cat. You can be walking through Soho in the evening and someone's just made some obscene remark and all of a sudden you hear '*get into the groooooooove*' and you think 'hey, life's pretty cool after all'. . ."

"If you ask most people if they'd rather be shot in the back of the head or the front of the face, they will choose the back of the head because they don't want to see it coming."

Like – gasp! – Jim Kerr. Oh, that's her husband and she doesn't hob nob with him all that often as a matter of fact because they're both always so busy that they only get to see one another every couple of months or so. She doesn't particularly want to talk about him *anyway*, except for a brief interlude about getting married in New York and then driving around Central Park in a horse-drawn buggy afterwards. . . "I'd like to see people use horses on the street more. I think it's a good way to get around town. When I was a school girl I had a little pack of friends and we used to neigh and jump and things. It was kind of odd but I haven't pretended to be a horse since I was about eight. I got over it. . ."

So, anyway, now we get to the bit where Chrissie Hynde says "I wouldn't mind lending myself to causes" and I say "What kind of causes? You mean like Live Aid?" and *she* says. . .

"I don't know if anybody could stomach any more Live Aid type of stuff. No, I'd just like to see someone push this revolution along a little bit. I'm hell bent on stopping animal slaughter and that sort of stuff. It would be nice to think people could stop destroying and wrecking my world and stop putting poison in the air and the water and just generally wrecking the environment that I live in and, you know, pornography and all that stuff and all that violent-related sort of crap. It would be really cool to see people start to walk into newsagents and just take all the smut magazines off the racks and throw them in the street. God knows, I've threatened the guys across the road in my newsagent hundreds of times. Every time I walk in I say 'This is a bust! When are you going to get that smut off the shelves?' and I always wait until there's a shop full of people and really embarrass them. But I'm not very brave or I'd go in and set it on fire – but then everyone just thinks you're being a fanatic.

"Remember in this country when they first introduced the twenty pence coin and it was on the front cover of all the newspapers: 'We Don't Want It!'? The English are petty, there's no question. That's alright but it's *not* alright when your petty-mindedness just allows you to sink into an ignorant muzz. If that's really where you're focussed all the time, then they can be slaughtering animals right, left and centre and screwing up the environment and you're not going to even notice, let alone do anything about it. You're going to keep buying soap that's made out of animal fats and never think about it because you're too worried about what's going to happen on *EastEnders* tonight. That's where most of the people are at and that kinda pisses me off. If you ask most people if they'd rather be shot in the back of the head or the front of the face, they will choose the back of the head because they don't want to see it coming. You can walk around in a haze and be appeased by the fact that you're going to get a new car next month or that you might get laid this weekend and you can keep perpetrating your existence on these petty little gratifications and keep your eyes closed for the next few years and then. . . BANG!"

"The English are petty, there's no question. That's alright, but it's *not* alright when your petty mindedness allows you to sink into an ignorant muzz."

"Bang" symbolising a revolution or some catastrophic nuclear incident. It's coming, definitely, says Chrissie. . .

"I do think that there's something in the air because we've got nuclear arms all over the place and the Arabs are collecting them up left, right and centre and those guys are not just whistling Dixie. You don't insult those guys and get away with it. Because in Afghanistan if two guys have a fight with each other they meet in the graveyard and *one* of them walks out in the morning. That's the way they deal with insults in those countries. And Ronald, *Ron-ald*, seems to think he can teach them a lesson but it's been a couple of months since he bombed Libya and in America they all say 'Well, that's it. Rarnie showed 'em!'. Ha! Let's give it five or six years. *Then* we'll see. . ."

But what can a poor old rock'n'roll singer do to clear up the ills and woes of the world? Not much, Chrissie agrees, but at least you can try. . .

"It's much easier if everyone just sticks their head in a bin and drinks beer and rocks out to Zodiac Mindwarp but anyone who is in the public eye has a certain amount of responsibility, really, because they do influence other people so you should be a little bit responsible. That's only fair play."

Chrissie does a "little bit" on her new LP with a song called "How Much Did You Get For Your Soul?" – a scathing attack on sell-out popsters. . .

"That is about the act of doing endorsements for money and in the song I just kind of use the black community in America – Whitney Houston, Michael Jackson, Lionel Richard or whatever his name is, Aretha Franklin's doing *Amoco* gasoline adverts, Tina Turner's doing a *Pepsi* ad – they're all doing these ads. And the point is these guys are all getting 15 million dollars to influence the young black kids and encourage them to drink something that's not good for them. You're just a flaming arsehole to encourage anyone to do something that really isn't good for them. And people might say 'Well, Coke's not that bad – *you* drink it,' but the point is it's one thing to do something and it's something else to advertise it. Advertising is crap. And these guys are endorsing these stupid products – any consumer product is obviously going to be hurting somebody if it's only there for sense gratification.

"The reason there's all these people starving – two thirds of the world – is because of big companies like *Pepsi Cola*. It's not the only reason, but it all adds up. So these guys who were in shackles for 200 years. . . you know, go back and pick cotton on the plantation, pal, because that's exactly what they're doing, they're still being exploited by the white man to sell his goods. All these musicians are doing adverts and jingles for *Burger Chef* and every other bullshit product there is. It's sell, sell, sell. Well, you don't take 15 million bucks to do a *Pepsi* advert around ME, buddy boy! That's *queer*, man, that's NAFF!!"

Chrissie Hynde, verging on middle age though she may be, is *still* a firebrand. Interesting observation: she makes good records, too. . .

▲ The original Pretenders (left to right): Chrissie Hynde, the late James Honeyman Scott, the late Pete Farndon and Martin Chambers.

▲ The new Pretenders (left to right): Chrissie, Robbie McIntosh, T.M. Stevens and Blair Cunningham.

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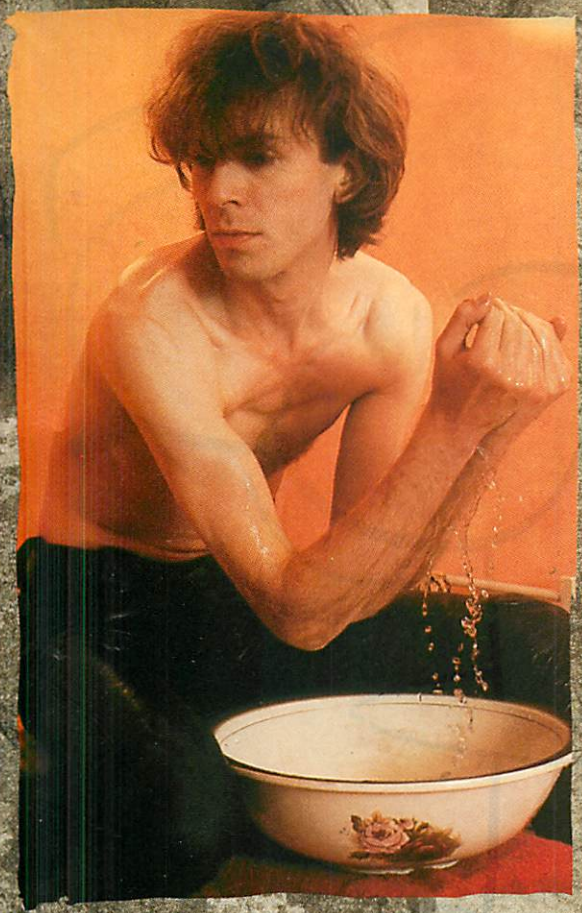

JULIAN COPE

World Shut Your Mouth

She's flying in the face of fashion now
Seems to have a will of her own
She's flying in the face of fashion yeah
Seems to have it all chromed
The time was going so frequently
She said if I try harder again
She's flying in the face of fashion now
Sells the world annually to her friend
She singing

Chorus
World shut your mouth shut your mouth
Put your head back in the clouds
And shut your mouth
World shut your mouth shut your mouth
Put your head back in the clouds
And shut your mouth

She always used to live so secretly
Or be seen in the avenue sound
And taking on the role of the four winds now
Having tea there out in the crowd
She's flying in the face of fashion yeah
Seems to have a will of her own
In lieu of what you're saying so frequently
She seems to have it all adds up
She singing

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Julian Cope
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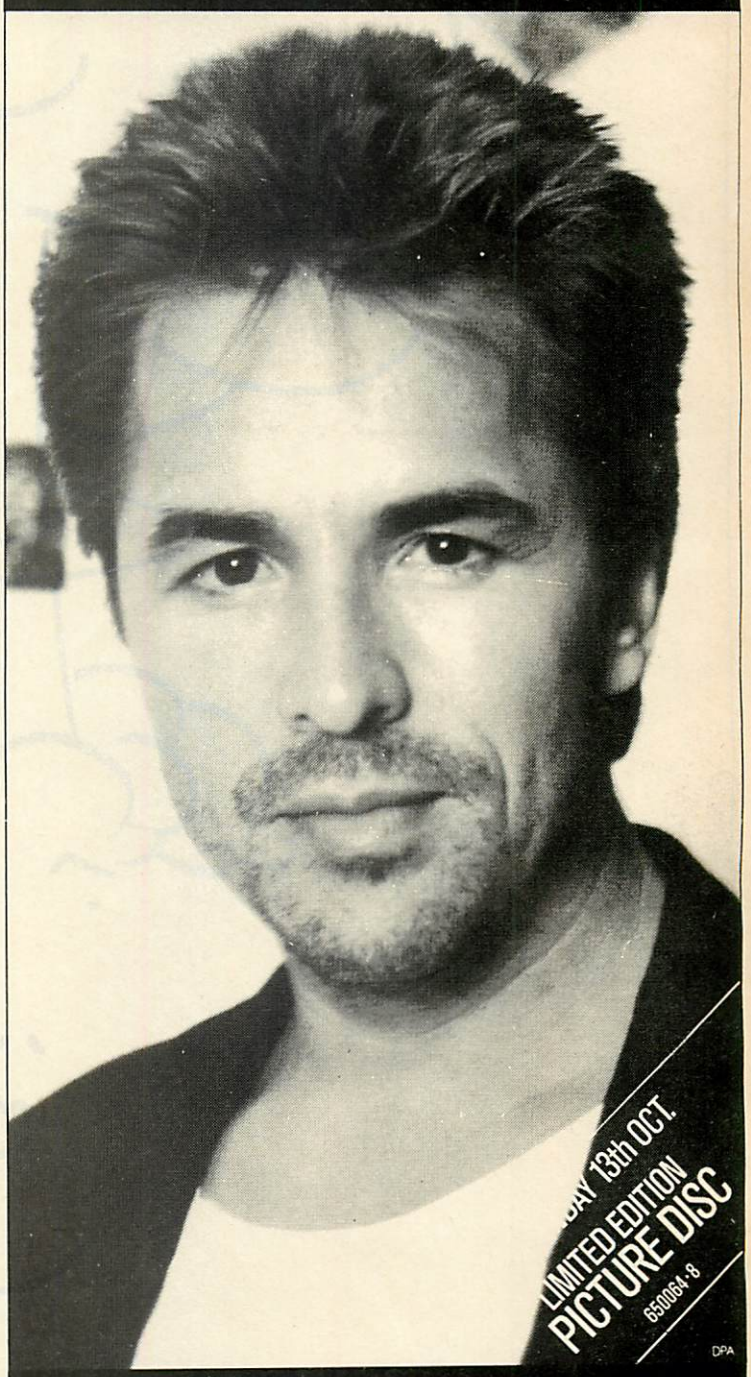
DON JOHNSON



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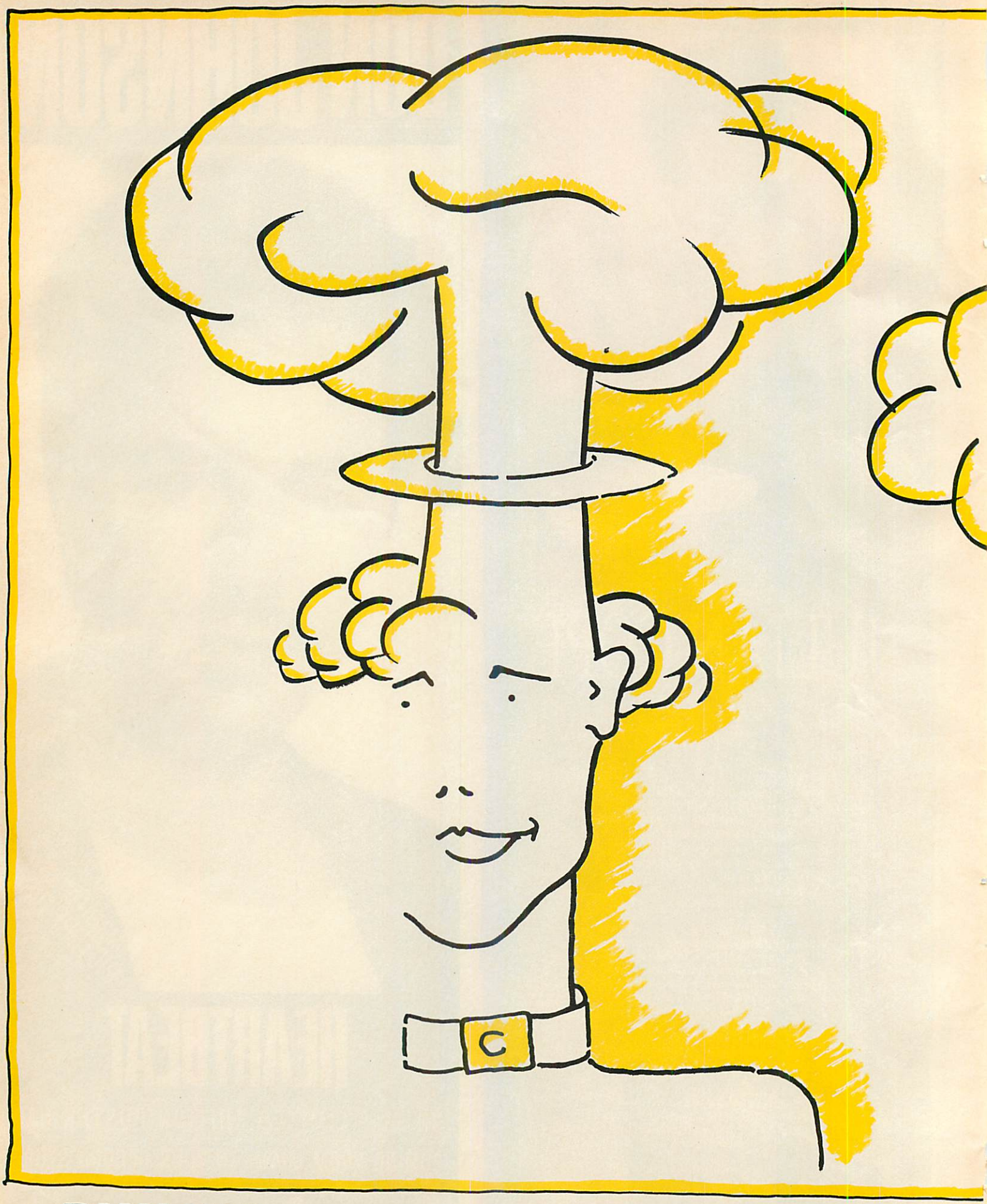


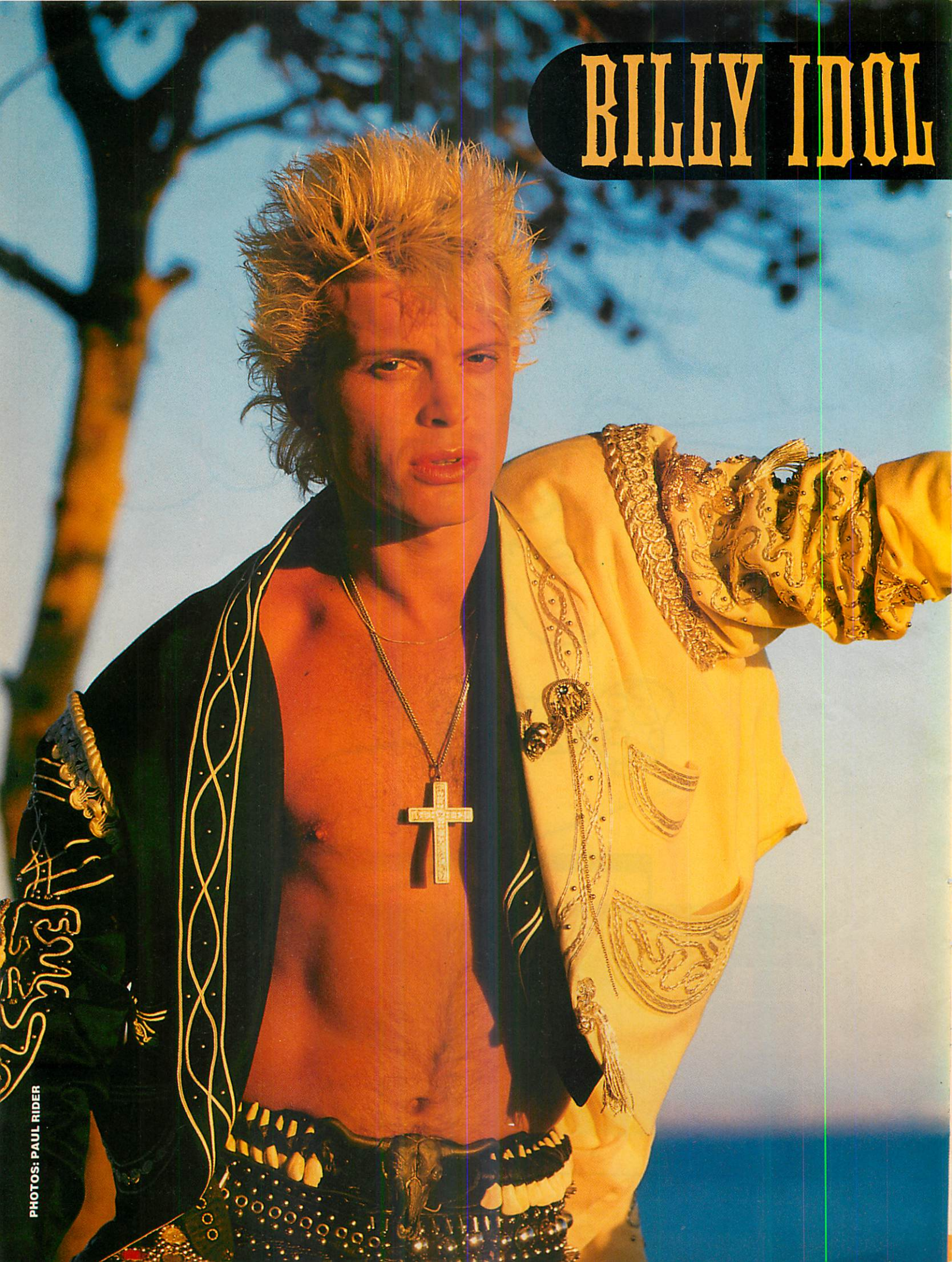
PHILIPS

The twiddly bits on the D8168 were having a disturbing effect.

Take a closer look!

PHILIPS

BILLY IDOL



PHOTOS: PAUL RIDER

:AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD

Where does the man with the biggest sneer in rock'n'roll go for his summer hols? The Caribbean? St. Tropez? Los Angeles? No – Majorca, that's where. Tom Hibbert follows Billy Idol there and finds him lying on a pink li-lo with his mum and dad. . .

Tuesday evening in Majorca. I am standing in the bar of my Palma Nova hotel when I am approached by a genteel, respectable-looking couple in middle age with glowing sun tans. With them is a *non*-genteel, *non*-respectable-looking young man. He too has a glowing sun tan topped with a crop of blond spiked-up hair. He wears a dark shirt open to the midriff and around his neck he wears a jumbo metal cross. On his arm there's a tattoo of a woman with the wildest hair ever seen. The young man is none other than Billy "Sir William" Idol and the couple at his side are his parents, Joan and Bill Broad. Can this *be*? The rock 'n' roll "rebel", known for his menacing sneer and extravagant behaviour, on holiday in *Majorca*? With his *mum and dad*? Yes, it is *true*. Joan and Bill own a holiday apartment just around the corner overlooking the Mediterranean and Billy "wild man of rock" Idol has joined them for a few weeks' sunbathing while he awaits the release of his first LP in absolutely ages, "Whiplash Smile".

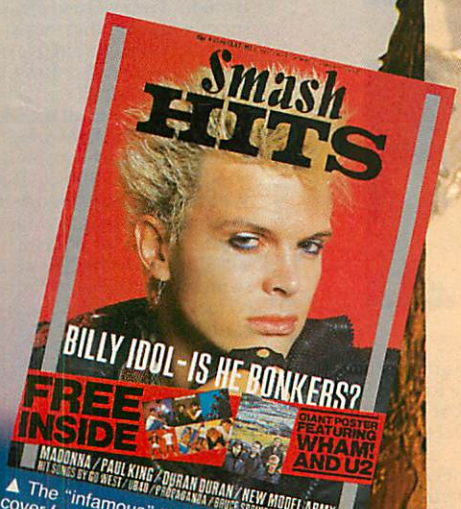
As we all saunter down a dusty track to a local restaurant, Billy tells me what a lark it is being in Majorca – apart from a spot of bother in a club the other evening: "I went to this place with Stevie Stevens (*Billy's guitarist who joined the Broads in Palma Nova over the weekend*) and they tried to throw us out." Why? "The guy behind the bar got the idea that I was trying to nick the glasses." And was he? Billy's only reply is a long, throaty cackle. He cackles quite a lot, does Billy. Does an awful lot of smiling, too. The famous sneer, it seems, is reserved strictly for photographs and performances.

Another illusion is rudely shattered as we sit down to dine. Billy Idol, who I had down as a raw steak and potatoes man, does not – gasp! – eat meat! (Though "it's not because of animals – I mean, I wear leather all the time.") And when he was at university, he once cooked a nut cutlet for twelve people!! Whatever *next*?

We tuck into the *sole meuniere* and Bill Broad chatters to me about his son's new LP. He is well-spoken, Mr Broad (i.e. he's a bit of a toff) and one can hardly imagine him hanging out in New York studios listening to "rough mixes" of rock music albums. But that's just what he's been doing recently and he's got all his studio terminology spot on as well. "The problem Billy had was finding the right musicians. These drummers think it is terribly easy to play Billy's music because Billy likes to keep it simple, but it really isn't, you see," he says. "Huey Lewis was making his single in the same studio and Billy was rather rude about it but I could tell the mix was just right and I said, 'you know, Billy, this Huey Lewis song will be a hit'." Bill Broad senior was right, of course.

It seems rather extraordinary that Mr Broad should be taking such a keen interest in his son's career and even helping him to sort out his managerial problems. For previously one had been led to believe that the Broads, father and son, did not enjoy the warmest of family relationships. In fact, the last time Billy spoke to *Smash Hits* he ranted on in a somewhat resentful fashion about his dad: "He gave me hell when I wanted to be in a rock and roll band," he said at the time, "I want to give him hell for the fact that he didn't believe me!" And over the dinner table, the equally well-spoken Joan Broad confirms that things used to be pretty rocky between her husband and son. "Bill refused to talk to Billy for two years when he was taking his A-levels," she says. "He did not approve of Billy's interests." But the old wounds have healed, presumably, because now you couldn't find a matier pair than this tool-hire company director and this snarling rock and roll "maniac". Maniac? Billy cackles: "It was *Smash Hits* that had the cover headline 'Billy Idol – Is He Bonkers?' Was that you? Yes? *Great*! Ha ha. I *loved* that! Is Billy bonkers? Ha ha ha!"

The wine flows, Bill Broad delivers a rather stern warning that if Billy has much more he'll be good for nothing in the morning and we stroll back along the dusty track, Billy locked arm in arm with his mum, nattering together sweetly. "Isn't this great?" says Billy. "Ha ha ha." And then he goes to bed.



▲ The "infamous" "Is Billy Bonkers?" cover from August 1985.

● *continued over page*

BILLY IDOL: AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD

Wednesday morning in Majorca. Billy Idol is stretched out on the beach on a pink li-lo, lapping up the rays. Next to him on a blue li-lo, sunbathing topless, as is the fashion, is his mum. And next to her, the husband. The Broads on a totally orthodox British holiday, being offered nasty items of jewellery by Spanish beach sellers and shooing them away and then going for a brisk dip in the ocean. What could be more, um . . . unremarkable?

Some time later, Billy is sitting at a table outside the beach cafe in his black swimming trunks (which he had to buy here because he left his others in New York; oh, well – 600 pesetas – a snip!) and a punkily-torn t-shirt, sipping Coca Cola. This is the "interview", in which Billy tries to convince me that "Whiplash Smile" is a monumentally brilliant LP even though I don't need convincing.

So we talk about his parents.

"When I joined Generation X it was a break from what my parents wished me to do. I went to university for a year and I left to become a punk rocker and my dad saw that as some weird turnaround. My dad runs a tool hire business and I did get alienated from those things but now I'm in a position to show them *why*. The funny thing is that my parents have seen much more Generation X gigs than they've seen Billy Idol ones, so for them it was always the worst of me. But now I'm rediscovering them and they're rediscovering me and it's a great time. They're 60 and I'm 30 and I'm finding out who my dad is again. He's a much bigger man than I thought."

We talk about his "wild man of rock" image . . .

"I want to be a normal person but that's pretty hard in the States where they've got this whole idea that life doesn't exist unless you're being seen all the time. They had this rumour in the *New York Post* one week about me being dead – and the next week they had to put in that I *wasn't* definitely dead. It went from dying of AIDS to having my blood changed somewhere. And I was at home all the time. People wanted to put out these rumours that I was on a drug binge but I was on a *music* binge. I can be more than just the old Rebel Yell with a sneer who wiggles his hips a bit and then pisses off. I want to show people that I'm not just a rock and roll *thing*, I'm a human being. They walk around outside my gigs with placards saying 'Billy Idol Is A Satanist' and 'Billy Idol Is The Next Anti-Christ', but my lyrics support love and beauty and gorgeousness. People would rather read about the wild man of rock but music isn't always crazy and wild, it's satisfying and gorgeous and luscious and a whole velvetness that makes you feel coddled. . ."

We talk about England. . .

"I've spent a little more time in England recently and I saw Ian Botham score the old 367th wicket and I was like fist in the air screaming 'fantastic!'. And then we lost the Test so I was crying into my beer. That must freak everyone out: 'He likes cricket? He must be crazy!' Ha ha. But I miss a lot of English things like that. And they have the best hair spray. . ."

We talk about America. . .

"I don't see myself as English *or* American because I lived in the States when I was very young. When I was about three years old we moved to Long Island and Elvis was on the radio and it was all Walt Disney and huge fins on cars and colours and drive-ins. My dad was pursuing the American dream but he didn't find it so he came back home. But *I* still have this dream about America. It is a magical place. . ."

We talk about tattoos. . .

"On the Rebel Yell tour there were all these nutcases who had their bodies covered in tattoos like mine. The worst thing was one person had a Generation X tattoo and he'd had to put 'R.I.P.' underneath it so I felt really bad about that. Let's hope he gets another one saying 'Billy Idol – Live Long And Prosper'. Ha ha ha. . ."

We talk about Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik. . .

"I was going to buy advertising space on that for 'Whiplash Smile' (*adopts deep American advertising-type drawl*). . . 'Billy Idol, former Generation X, makes a neeeew al-buuuuuum.' Ha ha. I thought that would have been dead funny. But I don't need to slag off Sigue Sigue Sputnik. Boy George once called me a head without a brain and John Lydon always called me the Perry Como of punk, but so what? Ha ha ha. I don't want to put anyone down. I'm a groover like Marc Bolan. I'm the Ronald Biggs of rock'n'roll. Look at me, sitting here on the Costa Del Crime. Ha ha ha."

And we ask the inevitable question that we asked once before: Billy Idol – Is He Bonkers?

"The thing about Billy Idol is. . . you're right. He IS bonkers – but he's bonkers about music!. . ."

▼ Sir William of Idol in all his "glory .

▼ Joan Broad (Billy's mum), Sir Billiam and some old bloke who sells "trinkets".

▼ William Broad Senior (i.e. Billy's dad).

Wednesday evening in Majorca. Mr and Mrs Broad had booked the table for 7.30 when we were all to dine with Mr and Mrs Broad's friends Bill (yet another one) and Hazel, who are permanent Majorcan residents (and very charming too; Hazel's favourite possession in the whole world, Joan Broad was telling me last night, is her signed copy of "Rebel Yell". Well!) Anyway, the table was booked for 7.30 but due to some extended trundling about the island looking for suitable locations in which to snap Billy and his famously blue eyes, we arrive rather late. Bill Broad is fuming and gives me a severe ticking off about "unprofessional conduct". Rather alarming. Billy arrives even *later* and doesn't get ticked off at all. It's jolly well not fair. Then just one bite of his *sole meuniere* (again!) and Billy fwisks off with his dad to the nearby airport where they are going to pick up Billy's new girlfriend Anita (a budding popstress who was until recently in a group called The Cherry Bombz – or, as Mr Broad puts it, the Cherry Bums). In their absence, Mrs Broad makes yet another startling revelation about her "wayward" son. When Billy was about 11, he used to – gasp! – caddy for his father, carting his clubs about the golf course for 50 pence a time! And "he was really rather good at it". Gosh.

The airport party returns. Anita greets the assembled company, sits herself next to Billy and the two of them proceed to spoon quite hectically – tongue sarnies, the whole shooting match – oblivious to the polite conversation around them. *What* a kiss up! I wouldn't do that in front of *my* parents, would you?

Thursday morning in Majorca. Mrs Broad has just been for another brisk splash in the sea and is drying herself off on the beach. She is alone. Bill has gone off for a round of golf and *goodness* knows when Billy and Anita will be up. "Do you know," says Joan Broad. "They were so pleased to see one another that they stayed up with their videos until five o'clock and they were *rather* noisy. And they finished off all the vodka and all the brandy *and* all the wine. They didn't touch the whisky, though, which is probably quite a good thing. . ." Blimey! But wait! Who is this loping through the sand towards us looking as chipper as anything? It is Sir William!

"'Ello. Ha ha ha. We went swimming in the sea at three o'clock in the morning with our clothes on. I got me leather trousers all wet."

Now, that's a bit more "rock'n'roll" isn't it? But hang on. . .

"Anyway, it's been great meeting you, chief, but we've got to go now. Lunch at the golf club. . ."

Lunch at the golf club? Whatever, what*ever* next? And with that we bid farewell to this sunny isle and the family Broad. . .

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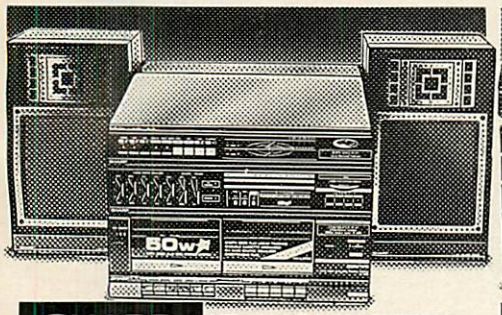

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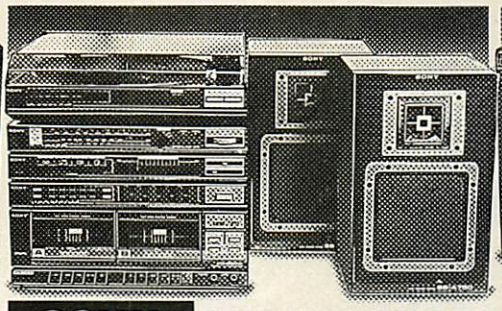

SONY *COMPACT 27 MIDI SYSTEM*

The 25 watts per channel amplifier provides the drive and the graphic equaliser pulls no punches. A linear tracking turntable keeps you in the groove and the twin cassette deck with Dolby B NR certainly knows it's musical bars.

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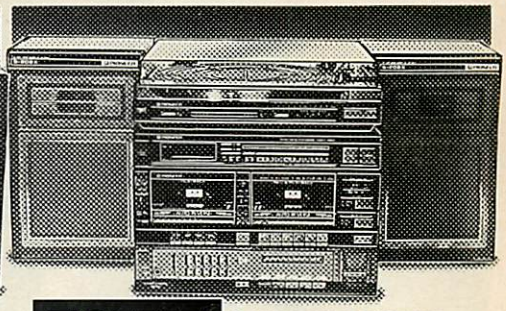

PIONEER *S4400 MIDI SYSTEM*

The 50 watt amp's connected to the 3 band tuner, the tuner's connected to the Dolby B NR twin cassette deck, the cassette deck's connected to the graphic equaliser, the equaliser's connected to the turntable... and that's what it's all about... Oh Hokey Cokey Cokey.

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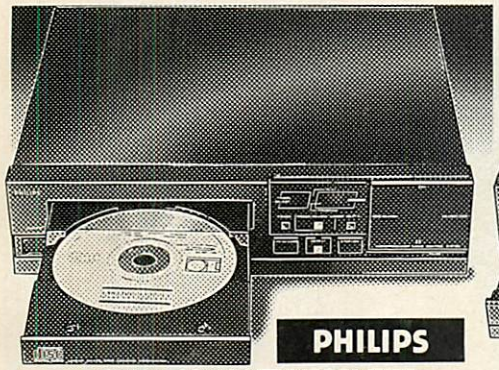

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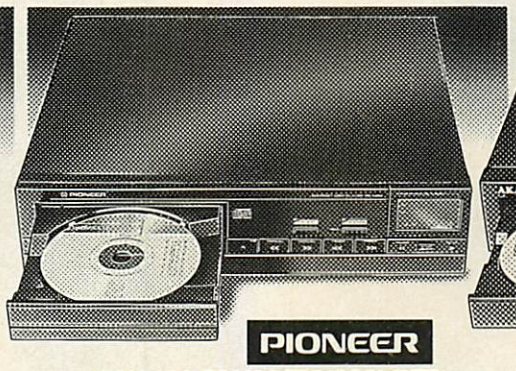

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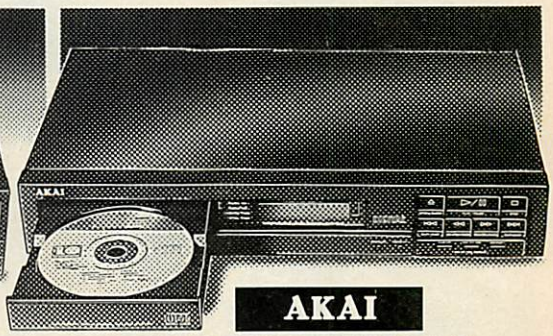

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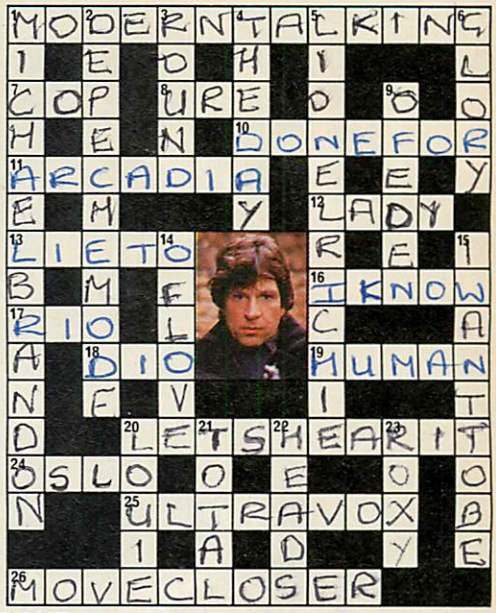
● ACROSS

1 New speech applied to **Brother Louie**? (6,7)
7 **Eddie Murphy**'s Beverly Hills policeman
8 Musical Scot at the end of **The Cure**
10 What Have You ---- --- Me Lately" (**Janet Jackson**) (4,3)
11 Ada Cair forms a **Duran Duran** offshoot (anag)
12 **Chris De Burgh**'s came dressed in red
13 "Would I --- -- You" (**Eurythmics**) (3,2)
16 "How Will - ----" (**Whitney Houston**) (1,4)
17 Brazilian city with **Duran Duran** connections
18 Heavy band amid **Big Audio Dynamite**
19 Add **League** to this hit and you have its makers
20 What **Deniece Williams** suggested we should do for the boy (4,4,2)
24 Solo turn to provide **A-Ha**'s city (anag)
25 They went dancing with tears in their eyes
28 **Phyllis Nelson**'s snuggle-up success (4,6)

● DOWN

1 See photoclue (7,7)
2 Basildon strippers! (7,4)
3 How you spun **Dead Or Alive**?
4 24 hours that **Dee C Lee** once saw? (3,3)
5 Recently he danced on a room's uppermost surface (6,6)
6 and **14** Reg of Volloy provides hit for **Peter Cetera** (anag 5,2,4)
9 Where **Big Country** were once east (2,4)
14 See 6 down
15 "- ---- -- -- Free" (**Toyah**) (1,4,2,2)
20 Brother you met in 1 across
21 The sort of contrast that gets into the charts
22 **David Byrne**'s are of the talking kind
23 Music supplied by **Bryan Ferry** and Co.?



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● Tick kind of video required:

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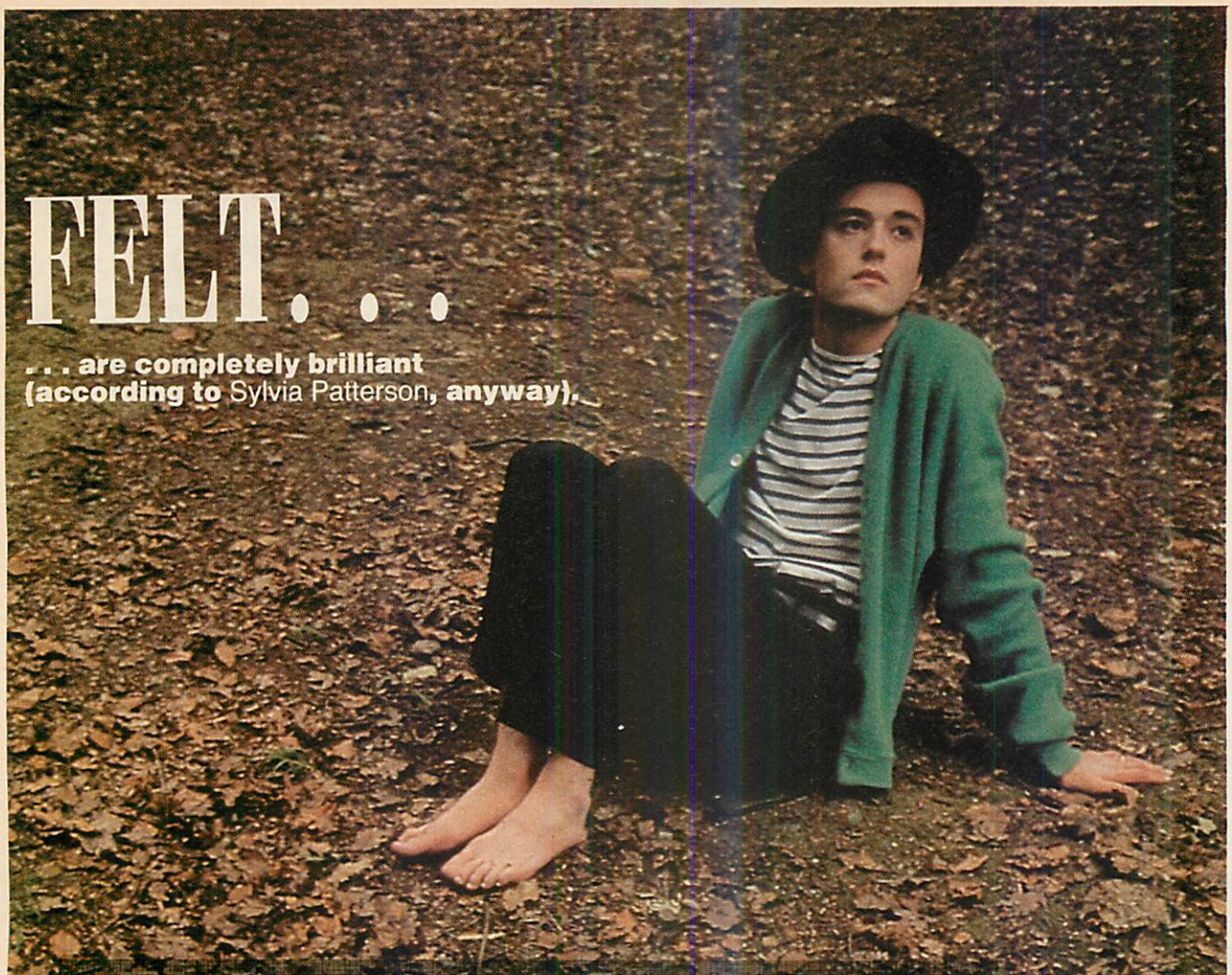
OCTOBER 20

IT'S NOTORIOUS

FELT. . .

. . . are completely brilliant (according to Sylvia Patterson, **anyway).**



● Never before in the history of the lush tartan blanket that is popular music has a group ever been so deserved of the supreme accolade "quite good" as Felt. It's true. They come from Birmingham, there's four of them and their singer – a man with the most wobblingly splendid voice in the entire solar system – is called Lawrence. So. Snuggle up and listen awhile as Lawrence "explains" why he and his band are utter utter utter genei. . .

He's a hermit!
"Oh yeah," he peeps in his extremely slow Birmingham drool, "I'm well on my way to being a hermit. I live all by myself in a flat in Birmingham, and never go out. I've got no friends, y'see."

He's ancient!
"I'm horribly old, yeah. I'm 25. I only got one present for my birthday; practically nothing. People care about you less and less as you get older."

He's a poet!
"I just like using images, that's all. There's nothing wrong with calling a song 'Sunlight Bathed In Golden Glow' or something like that. It's just language that's out of time, y'see – it doesn't fit in with the way other people use words in songs today. It's much more interesting if a song's got a good title. I don't know where I get it from. . . I don't *try* – I think it comes from my subconscious. I used to write some brilliant poems when I was at school – I was probably better at it *then* really. I'd never have them published though – *never*. . . I just. . . wouldn't (*blush*). I'm. . . sensitive."

They're ahead of their time!
"I think we're a band for future generations, really. Our songs are probably too wordy for people right now. . . it's a sad fact."

They're not very famous in the least!
"We just can't break through. . . I don't know why. (*Looks despondent.*) The songs stand up, they *do*. It's not as if we're being hard on the listener's ear. . . everything we do is total melody. You can hum it! We're. . . obscure easy listening! Yeah, that's it. . ."

He was almost a dentist once!
"If I'd listened to my mother I'd be making false teeth right now. But I didn't. I hate having things forced upon you. People should just do what they want in life – I really believe that, especially young people. If you want to do something, just *do* it – trust in yourself and just *do* it."

He can't do anything properly!
"I can't, it's true. Everything that I do I don't do properly. Er. . . er, I can't even give you an example properly! Er. . . I can't play the guitar properly. . . I can't sing properly. And in life, too, I can't do anything properly. . . I'm a dabbler, y'see, a dabbler in life. . . and. . . I don't dabble properly."

Their new LP "Forever Breathes The Lonely Word" is completely brilliant!
"It's quite good, yeah. . . it won't make us famous though – it just won't."

He's never been in love!
"I've never been in love."

He's a bit strange!
"I'm not normal. I don't ever want to be normal."

He's a bit of a sad character!
"I always end up being sad when I'm talking to people. . . I don't know why, really. . . it just sort of comes out that way."

He's an extremely nice bloke and all-round supremely wondrous human being!
It's true. . .

FALCO The Sound Of Music

● "The Sound Of Musik". Fair brings it all back, doesn't it? Julie Andrews swanning over the Alps singing her little heart out. "Climb Every Mountain". That charming Von Trapp family. All those nuns. Could it be that Falco has written this new single as a tribute to that moving cinematic masterpiece?

"Definitely *not*!" barks Falco.

Oh. Actually it turns out that Falco is not a great admirer of the film *The Sound Of Music*, even though it *was* set in his native Austria.

"Mmm, I think it is a little bit tacky," is how he dismisses it. Ask him what his favourite song from the film is and he 'umms' and 'ahs' and confesses that he can't remember a single song from it. Ask him what he thought of Julie Andrews' stunning performance as the singing nun and he gets a bit confused and has to admit that he doesn't even know who Julie Andrews is! "Is that her name? I did not know it. . ."

The odd Mr Falco is in Basle in Switzerland today to do a TV show, and he's a bit worn out from dashing all over Europe all the time promoting his new single. "I'm feeling a bit stressed," he complains.

Tomorrow he's got to be in Zurich and the day after that he'll be zipping off to Vienna to play a concert in support of the anti-nuclear movement which is something that Falco feels very strongly about.

"As long as there is sun and wind and water then we don't need nuclear power," he announces. "The risk is too great. It will be a catastrophe. You cannot trust our governments. I don't believe that they tell us the truth about it. . ."

Which – in a roundabout way – is what the single "The Sound Of Musik" is *really* about. "There's a line in the song which I think is very important," Falco explains. " '*Her Präsident, wir kennen eine Sprache/diese Sprache, die heist Musik.*' 'Mr President, we know one language and this language is music.' The politicians' language is lies. . . our language is music."

And, more particularly, the single is an attack on the newly elected president of Austria, Kurt Waldheim. (Waldheim came to power there earlier this year despite the fact that he had been a member of Hitler's SS and despite rumours that he had been involved in certain war crimes.) Falco is not a particularly big fan of his, it seems. The first verse is actually a bit of wordplay on Waldheim's name. "*Es beginnt in einem Wald. . . und es endet doch da Heim*" means it begins in "wood" and ends at "home" and "wood-home" in German is Wald-heim. (*????*) "It's a bit of a puzzle, you see," explains Falco. And it actually goes on to make some pretty sarcastic comments about Waldheim having such a "clean soul", i.e. Falco thinks he's lied about his Nazi past to get elected.

"I've had enough of all that lieing," he raises his voice. "All that cover up, all that bloody stuff, man!"

So, it all turns out to be a *great deal* more serious than nuns swanning across mountain tops. . .

William Shaw

Hey

Es beginnt in einem Wald alle Rechte sind bezahlt
Un es endet doch da Heim
Meine Hande sind so kalt denn die Zeit di ging ins Land
Meine Seele ist so rein
Der Bube fragt den Konig
Hey baby do you wanna dance
Sie machen history denn sie sind scharf wie nie
The first pre-elected rock'n'roll band

(The sound of musik)
Bang boogie say up jump the boogie
Do the rhythm on the boogie the beat
(The sound of musik)
Do the bang bang boogie say up jump the boogie
Do the rhythm on the boogie the beat
(The sound of musik)
Do the hip do the hop do the oh oh bebop do the freestyle
Rockin' and we're never gonna stop
Herr Prasident wir kennen eine Sprache
Diese Sprache die heist musik

(The sound of musik)
Can you hear the bands playing can you feel the bodies swaying
(The sound of musik)
And if you feel the groove you better start to move
(The sound of musik)
Step in time to the rhythm and move your feet to the beat
(The sound of m-m-m-m-musik)
Hey everybody give musik a chance and do the universal dance

(The sound of musik)
Hear the James Brown song hear the church choir sing
(The sound of musik)
Oh it's the people's voice they're gonna bring up that bell and ring
(The sound of musik)
The Vienna Lipizzaner they're doing the rhythm and blues
(The sound of m-m-m-m-musik)
And it's all jailhouse rock it's stepping on my blue suede shoes

(The sound of musik)
It's Pavarotti he's the biggest Bob Dylan fan
(The sound of musik)
Sie machen alle musik for boys and girls and big tall man
(The sound of musik)
It's Otis Redding he is sitting on the dock of the bay
(The sound of m-m-m-musik)
Just listen to the band listen to the big band
To the bigger band band band do da do da blow horn

(Hey listen to the band)
Listen to the band
(Hey listen to the band)
Listen to the band
(Hey listen to the band)
Listen to the band now
Listen to the band
Bang bang listen to oh blow horn
(Hey listen to the band)
Listen to the band
(Hey listen to the band)
Won't you listen to the band
(Hey listen to the band)
Listen to the band listen to the big band to the bang bang
To the bang bang blow horn

(The s-s-sound of musik)
Repeat seven times

(The sound of musik)
It's Lennon McCartney Cole Porter too
(The sound of musik)
They're dancing with my baby-ba-ba-ba-baby blue
(The sound of musik)
Hey Daddy don't you bother me it's gonna be my rock'n'roll day
(The sound of m-m-m-musik)
Give the children what they want
(The sound of musik)
Hear the universal choir play

(The sound of musik)
Hear the James Brown song hear the church choir sing
(The sound of musik)
It's the people's voice they're gonna bring up that bell and ring
(The sound of musik)
It's Otis Redding he is sitting on the dock of the bay
(The sound of m-m-m-musik)
Give the children what they want hear the children do the boogie
Do the bang bang do the boogie bang hey
(Hu-lala-hu-lala-e)
(E-oh)
Repeat five times

Do the bang bang boogie say up jump the boogie
Do the rhythm of the boogie to the bang bang boogie
(The sound of musik)
(Hu-lala-hu-lala-e)
(E-oh)
Repeat to fade

Words and music by Falco/R. Bolland/F. Bolland
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On WEA Records

12" tapes

FIVE NEW 12" MIXES ON EACH CASSETTE

All these tapes and others by The Clash, Cyndi Lauper, King, Meat Loaf, The SOS Band and The Stranglers, at just £3.49 each. Tracks repeated both sides of tape.

WHSMITH

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YOU CAN CALL ME AL
PAUL SIMON

A man walks down the street
He says why am I soft in the middle now
Why am I soft in the middle
The rest of my life is so hard
I need a photo opportunity
I want a shot at redemption
Don't want to end up a cartoon
In a cartoon graveyard
Bonedigger Bonedigger
Dogs in the moonlight
Far away my well lit door
Mr Beerbelly Beerbelly
Get these muts away from me
You know I don't find this stuff amusing any more

Chorus
If you'll be my bodyguard
I can be your long lost pal
I can call you Betty
And Betty when you call me
You can call me Al

A man walks down the street
He says why am I short of attention
Got a short little span of attention
And wo my nights are so long
Where's my wife and family
What if I die here
Who'll be my role model
Now that my role model is gone gone
He ducked back down the alley
With some roly poly little bat-faced girl all along along
There were incidents and accidents
There were hints and allegations

Repeat chorus

Call me Al

A man walks down the street
It's a street in a strange world
Maybe it's the third world
Maybe it's his first time around
He doesn't speak the language
He hold no currency
He is a foreign man
He is surrounded by the sound the sound
Cattle in the market place
Scatterlings and orphanages
He looks around around
He sees angels in the architecture
Spinning in infinity
He says Amen and Hallelujah!

Repeat chorus

Call me na na na na
Na na na na
Na na na na
Na na na na na na
Na na na na
Na na na na na na
Na na na na
Na na na na na

If you'll be my bodyguard
I can call you Betty

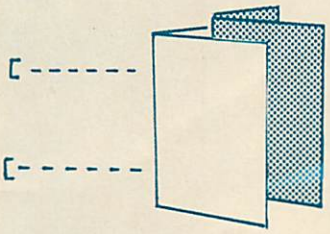
Repeat to fade

Words and music by Paul Simon
Reproduced by permission Pattern Music Ltd/Mautoglade Music Ltd
On Warner Brothers Records

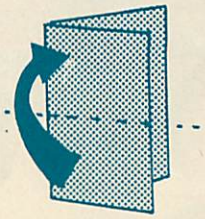
Craft Corner: How to construct . . .

The Smash Hits Book Of Personal Files.

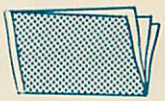
in 10 "easy"-to-follow (*well, quite*) steps.



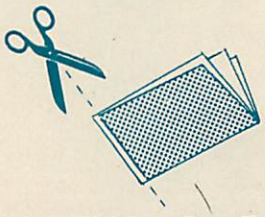
1: Pluck out the staples (carefully) and take out the Personal File pages.



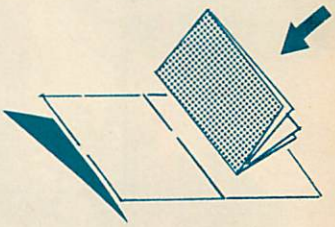
2: Fold the Personal File pages in half along the "centrefold".



3: Fold in half again, along the line.



4: *Sniiiiiiip*! Cut along the folded edge at the top to make an eight-page booklet.



5: Slip the booklet snugly into the v. attractive and "trendy" cardboard thingie stuck on the cover of *Smash Hits*.

6: Hold your breath for quite a long time (*i.e. until 22 October*) when Part 2 of the booklet comes a-brimming out of the very next issue of *Smash Hits*.

7: Hold your breath for an even longer time (i.e. until 5 November) when a) it's "bonfire" night and b) *Smash Hits* plinks through your letter-box once again, containing the third and final part of the Personal File booklet (unless the cat's eaten it).

8: Tuck Parts 2 and 3 into the cardboard cover along with Part 1, and staple or tie the whole lot together (unless, of course, you prefer the "loose-leaf" effect).

9: You are now the proud possessor of a completely brilliant booklet containing 24 Personal Files. Sit back, read and "enjoy".

10: Bong!

PAL WAAKTAAR

(A-HA)

■ **NAME:** Pål Waaktaar.
BORN: September 6, 1961 in Oslo, Norway.
HEIGHT: 182cm
BROTHERS AND SISTERS: An elder sister Tongje, 26. She's studying English, communication and psychology. She's always been the one who backed me up. My parents just thought it was a nice hobby.
WHAT DO YOUR PARENTS DO? My father's a medical research scientist, my mother's in administration.
DID YOU HAVE A NICKNAME AT SCHOOL? Popeye. First Pops then Popeye. Did I eat much spinach? Very little. It must have been because I'm so strong!
PREVIOUS JOBS: My first job was putting pills into boxes, then I worked on a camp site, scrubbing floors in factories and selling tickets on the subway. I lost most of the jobs for not being responsible.
PREVIOUS BANDS: Mags and I were neighbours from the age of ten so we were always in there together, competing to write the best songs, play the fastest guitar. His first band had a really stupid name, Black Sapphire. Mine was Black Day. Then we had Spider Empire, Bridges. . .
FIRST CRUSH: Yeah, that was my teacher. We have very pretty teachers in Norway. This one sort of got me into drawing and I spent lots of summer holidays with her – between about 12 and 16. I think the whole class had a crush on her. I got over it but I actually spoke to her the other day because she sent me a letter.
FIRST KISS: Actually, the first girl I dated was Mags' girlfriend and the first kiss I got was when she wanted him back and she used *me* to get him back. She gave me this kiss when he was *looking*. That was, like, 1984. I was convinced I would die a virgin. The Bridges album is actually about my first real kiss, about how at last I felt like a member of the human race. . . and about my disappointment when I realised how little she was involved – but how something in me had been awakened anyway.
HAVE YOU WRITTEN ANY SOPPY LOVE SONGS? Well, my contributions to "Hunting High And Low" were all about really being in love for the first time in my life. They're very romantic but also realistic. I lived in England, she lived in Norway so there was always the underlying fear that it could never last. All the songs on the album were written in an attempt to secure a place in her heart for me. I wanted to put so much of myself into her that she couldn't live without me. I admit I used every musical trick in the book to get her to love me. Every song is a prayer for attention.
HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE MORTEN AND MAGS? Morten is totally different from me. When we first came to London together, he burned all my clothes and dressed me up from head to toe. I didn't care much about clothes, whereas he's very interested in them. He has given me self-confidence, encourages me to talk to people, not to be afraid and to use the abilities I have. Mags is impulsive. Dashes around. Throughout the years I've often wondered: is he a complete fool or a genius? Has he got talent or hasn't he? He can say things which are really dumb, but then he'll suddenly switch on, put things in their place and come up with an idea that we've all been fumbling for. I think he's both a fool and a genius.
HAVE YOU EVER WORN FLARES? Yes – when I was at school, I went through a '60s phase. I wore wide bell-bottoms, grew my hair long and hung up Jimi Hendrix posters!
ARE YOU SHY? I like to keep in the background. There are only certain kinds of people I can talk to, feel secure with. In any case, I'm certainly not the pop star type. I lack some of the characteristics necessary in this business, like enjoying publicity stunts. What's important to me is creativity, musical ambitions; I'm afraid of mediocrity.
DO YOU THINK A-HA COULD BECOME AS FAMOUS AS THE BEATLES? Maybe. After all, ambitions are free, so why hold back on them?
WHAT MAKES YOU REALLY ANGRY? Because we travel so much stupid things like the hotel hasn't been booked, or there's no car waiting for you. You get very tired and so these small things really get you.
WHOSE HOME PHONE NUMBER WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO HAVE? Einstein's. He wouldn't answer? How about the author Eliaz Carnetti? I'd just buy him a beer or something.
WHAT'S YOUR MOST TREASURED POSSESSION? My family.
IF YOU COULD CHANGE ONE THING ABOUT YOURSELF WHAT WOULD IT BE? You can walk down the streets without people hassling you too much. People are quite reserved and they pretend they haven't seen you until you've passed. But if you turn round you'll see the whole street looking at you.
WHAT'S THE WORST THING ABOUT ENGLAND? Well I think it's stupid the way you try to protect your own bands. When we used to tell people we were from Norway they just laughed. I'm sure it's very funny but it's stupid. I also don't like the winters and the houses – they're so cold.
DO YOU HAVE ANY PETS? No, just Mags and Morten. Actually, when we came to England in the second year we had a really scruffy one-roomed flat and we caught a mouse which we had as a pet for three months.
DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOOD LOOKING? Not really but I think I can fake it.

Jim Kerr

(SIMPLE MINDS)

■ **NAME:** James Kerr.
BORN: July 9, 1959.
HEIGHT: 5' 10"
PREVIOUS GROUPS: Johnny And The Self-Abusers.
FIRST CONCERT: Genesis in Glasgow. Peter Gabriel was in the band then. It was *brilliant*.
WHAT'S THE WORST JOB YOU'VE EVER HAD? I remember I had to go to an interview for the Civil Service in Glasgow because the dole wouldn't give me any more money. There were over 30 people trying for the job and I tried my hardest to fail. I went in like a real mess, completely dishevelled, and put on this whole act like I was completely untogether. A week later they wrote back to me and said 'You were great. You've got the job. . .' And the job was a refuse collector. Luckily at that time there was a lot of interest in the band and we got a deal – otherwise I don't know *what* I would have done. . .
WHERE DO YOU LIVE? Scotland – in a small fishing town. I think they say 'Home Is Where The Heart Is'. When I'm at home I like to get back to nature and walk around.
HAVE YOU EVER WORN A KILT? No, but Mick McNeill our keyboard player has one and wears it frequently. He wears it in bed! Now you're going to ask me what he wears under it. . .
HAVE YOU GOT ANY HOBBIES? Only movies. I value seeing movies and actors more than I value listening to albums or other bands. I love people like Robert De Niro. When people ask me about my influences, I can't talk about musical ones unless I mention films as well.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME AN "ACTOR" LIKE DAVID BOWIE? No! I was very introverted before I joined the band and making videos is bad enough! Besides, you get all these scummy people with a Top 10 album and suddenly they want to be a movie star. And they continually blow it, left, right and centre. I just think it's kind of embarrassing.
DO YOU LIKE BEING MARRIED? I love friendship and it's great to have not only a friend but something much, much more. It's brilliant! Am I in love? Yeah, very much so.
HAVE YOU CHANGED NOW YOU'VE GOT A BABY DAUGHTER? I think I've always been conscious of being part of a family, and perhaps I'm a bit more conscious of it now, but to me it's all one family, the family I came from and the family I'm now in. . . I guess it *has* affected me. I was reading an interview in an American magazine, it was two or three years old and it was with the wife of the Polish Solidarity leader Lech Walesa at the time when he had been taken into captivity. And reading it made me think about women in general, the wives of the miners as well. . . and I began to think what it would be like for me if for some reason I couldn't see my daughter. And I would *never* have thought about that this time last year. It inspired me to write "All The Things She Said".
WHY DID YOU GET SO FAT? I think I had a year off and I enjoyed myself. After two weeks on the road it came off in buckets – a stone and a half. It's due to pizza in New York. Ever had a pizza from New York? You'd be fat as well!
WHY DO YOU LIKE U2 SO MUCH? I think we share a vision and we share a clumsiness as well, and we share the same kind of blood. When I first saw U2 on TV, their expressions looked like the ones I see on stage when I looked around me. I really, really admire them and we've become friends. But I think there's also a big difference between us – I think our music has a sort of femininity that theirs lacks and personally I'm really glad about that. . .
HAVE YOU HAD ANY STRANGE THINGS THROWN AT YOU ON STAGE? In America we got a lot of knickers thrown on stage. It's kind of weird. I just wonder how they get them off. . .
ARE YOU A DREAMER? Yeah. There's a line in the film *Fitzcarraldo*: 'Only dreamers can move mountains'. I thought that was great. Dreamers have got a bad reputation – people say 'he's a dreamer, he'll never do anything'. You need courage to dream.
WHAT DO YOU WEAR IN BED? Nothing!

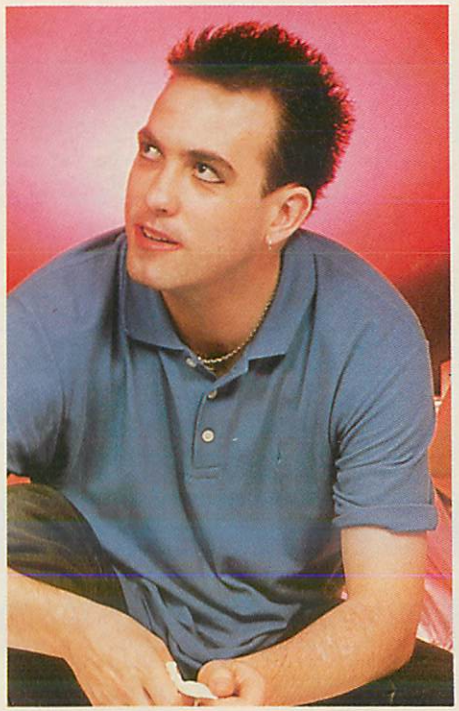
NEIL TENNANT

(PET SHOP BOYS)

■ **NAME:** Neil Francis Tennant.
BORN: July 10, 1954 in North Shields, Northumberland.
HEIGHT: 5' 11"
FIRST GROUP: Dust
FIRST CRUSH: A girl called Frances MacDonald when I was at primary school. We used to kiss in the book cupboard – we got caught, but then I think that was half the point. Strangely enough I actually had a dream about her and her twin sister last night and about all my old friends.
PREVIOUS JOBS: My first job was a counter assistant in Ladbrokes the bookmakers every Saturday for about a year. I also had a summer job for two years in the British Museum's manuscript department – everyone else seemed to get a horrible job in a factory but I didn't want a job where I got my hands dirty. I've never had one and I hope it stays that way. Then I worked as London editor of *Marvel* comics for two years – I had to anglicise the spellings, put bikinis on uncovered breasts and write the "Bullpen Bulletin" on seven weeklies. After that I worked in publishing as an editor and than as assistant editor on *Smash Hits*. That was the best job I've ever had apart from this one. Actually, I'm not sure it wasn't *better* than this one – the hours are much longer and it's a bit of a strain.
WHICH *MARVEL* COMIC CHARACTER WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO BE? Mr Fantastic, because I'd like to be able to stretch every part of my body. Which parts in particular? I'll leave that to your imagination.
WHAT WERE YOU IN A PREVIOUS LIFE? I hope I was the Pope in the 16th century, when they used to poison people and wear fantastic clothes. When I was a little boy I always wanted to be the Pope because I thought it would be glamorous. I still would – you could get Michelangelo to paint your living room, make war with France or excommunicate a few people if you got bored. Apart from that, though I was brought up a Catholic, I'm not really religious.
HAVE YOU EVER WORN A DRESS? Yes, when I was 13, in the school play *HMS Pinafore* by Gilbert and Sullivan. I was soprano so I played the woman, Cousin Hebe, who had a short and a long dress and sung a couple of songs.
ARE YOU POSH? No. I come from an ordinary middle class family and I didn't go to a posh school. But though I come from Newcastle I've only ever had a bit of a Geordie accent and on my first day at St Cuthberts Grammar School everyone else had really strong ones and they called me "poshie". I was a bit upset.
WERE YOU EVER BEATEN UP AT SCHOOL? No, though someone threw a sandal at me once. After I left I was hit by a skinhead once and I also got mugged in Paris about 10 years ago. I was coming out of the metro with this girl and these two blokes in leather jackets pulled knives on us. They were trying to get her purse and eventually she gave it to them. They ran off and she burst into tears.
WHO WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO BE STUCK IN A LIFT WITH: A) FREDDIE MERCURY; B) PRINCESS DI; C) BILLY IDOL; D) PAUL WELLER? I've never been interested in Queen so certainly not Freddie Mercury. I could have a chat with Princess Di about whether she deserves the iudicrous amount of money she gets – I'm sure we'd decide she doesn't. And I could tell her she's a Sloane Ranger. Billy Idol would be good – he'd just rant on about rock'n'roll but he's probably my favourite pop star. Paul Weller would be the best though – I used to enjoy interviewing him. He's got very strong opinions and likes slagging people off. I suppose he'd probably slag me off.
WHO WAS THE FIRST PERSON YOU EVER KISSED? It was a girl called Pauline Hadaway at this party. She was going out with my best friend – well, she was up until that night, ha ha.
DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD? As a little boy I used to be very religious but now officially I don't believe in God. But in the middle of the night when it's dark, I feel. . . I don't know, superstitious, I suppose. I can still say '*in nomine padre et filio et spiritu sanctum*' etc., etc., etc.
ARE YOU "COOL" (HEM HEM)? uncool really, in many ways. At the moment I'm a bit concerned that the top I'm wearing doesn't go with this shirt I'm wearing. Whereas Chris wouldn't wear this unless he *knew* it was right. He always buys the "right" everything – I'm a bit sloppy about that.
DO YOU HAVE A RECURRING DREAM? I have this dream where I'm stuck in a lift and it's going up quite fast and getting smaller and smaller so that I'm getting squashed. It's *horrible*. I'm quite claustrophobic and I hate lifts anyway – if they're really full I refuse to go in them.
WHAT'S THE MAIN DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WRITING ABOUT POP AND DOING IT? When you're doing it, you have to look presentable. That's the real strain: you have to have a shave and everything.
ARE YOU GOING TO RETIRE SOON? We're not exactly thinking of retiring, but we've got this *plan*. Everyone thinks it's a joke but actually it's serious. The Pet Shop Boys will carry on, but we'll stop being the front men. Instead we'll change the line-up every year or so – suddenly there'll be four 16 year old boys as The Pet Shop Boys and then the next thing you know they'll have been replaced by two 35 year old Elaine Paige types. We'll be fed up with it all by then so we'll just write the music. We'll be able to spend our time doing the nice things like going to bed early. We won't have to have our photograph taken or be asked why we're called the Pet Shop Boys. We can just make the records. And make *lots* of money.

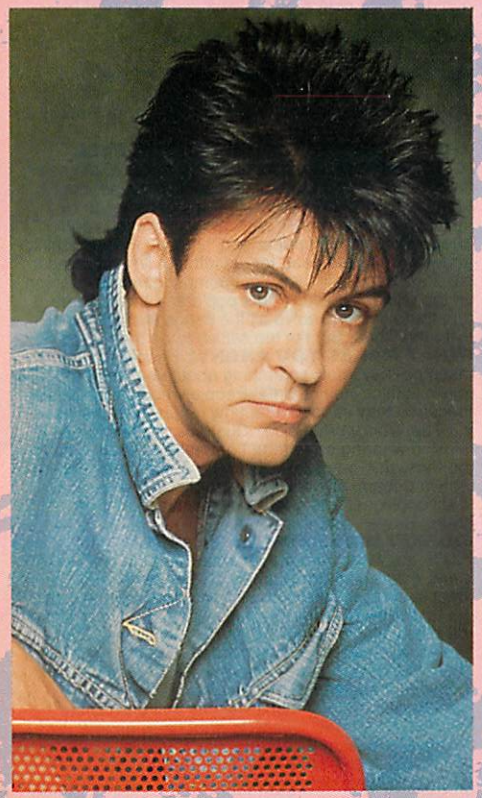
Robert Smith

(THE CURE)



■ **NAME:** Robert Smith.
BORN: April 21, 1959.
HEIGHT: 5' 10"
WHERE DID YOU GROW UP? In Crawley, in Sussex. I still try to get back there when I can – I've still got my own room and bed and toothbrush there. It's really somewhere to escape to – it's impossible for people to get hold of me there if I don't answer the phone because they're not going to travel 35 miles, are they?
DO YOU OWN A TEDDY BEAR? Yes. It was given to me on the day I was born. It's soaked with tears.
WHAT SCHOOL DID YOU GO TO? St Francis Primary School in Crawley. I must have met Laurence Tolhurst (*other original Cure member*) then because he lived in the next street and we went to school on the same coach, but he made no impression on me whatsoever. He remembers me, though – not very favourably.
PREVIOUS GROUPS: My first group was when I was 14 – with my brother, some of his friends and my younger sister. It was called The Crawley Goat Band – *brilliant*! Then I had a group called 'the group' because it was the only one at school so we didn't need a name. Then we were called Malice – sort of a sub-metal punk group. We played at this school concert I organised, pretending there was a jazz group and a choral quintet and selling about 150 tickets at 25p each. It turned into a riot!
WHY ARE YOU SO SCRUFFY? I don't have much time to be domestic. I've *got* an iron. I've never used it. My clothes dry like this, they just dry crinkled.
WHEN DO YOU GET UP? Depends what time I get to bed. I never go to bed before three. But sometimes I do get up by 12. Were I left to my own devices, I wouldn't get up at all. At least not until it got dark again.
WHAT'S THE FIRST THING YOU DO WHEN YOU GET UP? I wash my face with cold water and then I go and sit down with a cup of coffee and try to remember what I was dreaming about. I used to write them down – these days I usually discuss their more sordid apsects with Mary (*his girlfriend*).
WHAT'S YOUR WEIRDEST DREAM? I always used to have a dream that I was falling through a window and I could feel all the glass going into me. I had this idea that I'd die on February 14 last year. I'd *convinced* myself. In fact I don't even remember what I did on that day, it was only when I got into bed that night that I realised it hadn't come true. I was quite disappointed in a funny sort of way.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SWAP PLACES WITH PRINCE CHARLES? No. I would have *hated* to be born into the Royal Family. It's a cushy number compared to a tramp, I suppose, but it has *serious* disadvantages. I hate any extreme – that's why I wouldn't like to be a real pop star and really famous; you're better in the happy medium. The Royal Family are *laughable*. I suppose people see them as something that stays stable as everything else changes but I'm sure even the Royal Family are quite fed up being the Royal Family.
DO YOU BELIEVE IN NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT? My views are pretty much the same as one of my earliest childhood heroes, Spike Milligan. I think the idealism involved in nuclear disarmament is laudable but the knowledge to create the bomb is there and there's nothing we can do to take that away – nuclear disarmament is really a very naive dream. Nevertheless, The Cure are still playing Glastonbury because there always has to be a level of public and private awareness otherwise the people in power become too complacent. With the threat of civil unrest lying near the surface I hope that keeps certain political leaders from becoming too extreme, knowing they can only go so far without retaliation from the masses.
WHY DO YOU TELL SO MANY FIBS? I bore myself if I don't make things up. I started doing it because nothing ever happens to me yet people always expect me to do odd things.
DO YOU LIKE BEING RICH? When I feel I've got too much money I tend to give it away to charities and things. I have a weird sense of ethics – I don't think anybody should have lots of things. About four or five years ago I threw everything away because I'd started to hoard silly things like beer mats from a good night out. If you've got to run out in the middle of the night because the house is on fire the only thing you should *really* take is your teddy bear.
WHAT WILL YOU BE DOING WHEN YOU'RE 64? I'll be playing with the angels, I hope, in heaven on earth. If the world's still the same size, it'll probably be the same in every other way. In fact, it'll probably be more boring than it is now. And there'll be more people around. In fact, it'll be battery people. I think in 40 years the world will be really awful. I'd like it to be 90 degrees all the time, then people can only function at half speed. Then they'll have to fall in line with the way I walk.

PAUL YOUNG



■ **NAME:** Paul Anthony Young.
BORN: January 17, 1956 in Luton.
HEIGHT: 6' 1"
NICKNAME AT SCHOOL: Dustbin Hoffman. I got that because I used to eat so much. I ate with all the skinny kids so I could have all their leftovers.
FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: "Riders On The Storm" by The Doors. I got it in 1971 when it was re-released.
FIRST CONCERT: Slade at Luton Technical College. I found it very weird, first concert'n'all. I must have only been about 14 or 15. The best thing I remember about it was the disco playing "Black Ju Ju" by Alice Cooper. It was great.
WORST JOB: Working in a weedkiller factory over the summer holidays. All we did was package all this toxic dust into cardboard boxes. When I used to get home I was always sick. All the dust used to fly around all over the place and get in our lungs.
FIRST BAND: Mosswreck. They were 'orrible, tacky. The guitarist was into Led Zep, that was the usual problem with all our local bands. I was the bass player. I went along with my friend – I did want to be the singer, always have done – but they liked his voice better. So I landed the job of the bass player and I kept it up for four years throughout various bands until 1976 when I became a pro-singer. Then I was in Streetband, then Q-Tips.
PETS: I'm too busy to have pets, unfortunately. But I would like a fruit bat.
FIRST SUIT BOUGHT: It was at the time of 2-Tone. I couldn't afford a really good one, so I got one for £13 – it was Champagne Blue and Gold. It was made of awful material.
WHY DO LOTS OF GIRLS FANCY YOU? Well, the only thing I can put it down to is the idea that we give out good vibes on stage and I think people really sense that. Also I suppose I'm more normal than most pop stars – like Duran Duran, they lead the life – but I'm somewhere in between that, in limbo. It probably makes me a bit more understandable. Also I think I'm pretty much a fallible character – I get ill a lot.
WOULD YOU PLAY AT NANCY REAGAN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY? I think we'd be a bit loud for them! I'm not a big fan of the Reagans. I only became actively interested in their government when I was over there during the elections. I think it's shocking the way they're taking money out of education and putting it into arms. So a definite no to that one.
IS MEAT MURDER? I'm not a vegetarian but I *do* believe in moderation. I eat white meat one day, red the next and a veggie meal the next. What I do really object to are fur coats. I do buy leather goods 'cause then the animal's killed for meat but killing them *just* for fur is really a waste.
HAVE YOU EVER DONE SOMETHING YOU'RE ASHAMED OF? Well, I've never really stolen anything. I suppose it's just a case of letting people down. It's mainly just through being lazy. As a kid I used to lie my way out of things – now I've got rid of that, but I still lack concentration and find it difficult to apply myself to things other than singing.
IF YOU WERE A CAR, WHAT KIND WOULD YOU BE? An Aston Martin DB5. Although it's sporting, it looks real mean. . . all big and formidable. It commands respect. Also, it's one of the few good English cars.
HOW MUCH WOULD YOU HAVE TO BE PAID TO POSE NUDE? Let me think. . . a year's supply of Mars bars.
WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU LOST YOUR VOICE FOR GOOD? What, like if I got my neck caught in a branch or something? It's too depressing to even think about. Last time the voice went, I thought it had gone for good and I started worrying what I was going to do. I knew I could never work anywhere like Vauxhall Motors, I couldn't stick it. I'd have to do something in the music business but I couldn't face the thought of working for a record company because that would have rubbed in the fact that I was a failure. In the end I started toying with the idea of becoming a really good DJ – but that didn't last either. I just *had* to sing. If I lost my voice completely forever, I really don't know *what* I would do. I suppose I'd just be dumb.
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO WHEN YOU'RE AN OLD MAN? I'd like to go on a safari trip in Africa. I'd never get around to doing that sort of thing now so it'd be great to do it then. Remember that TV programme *Daktari*? I'd like to build a house like the one in *Daktari* in the bush. It would be made from wood, raised off the ground, heavy on the veranda and I'd be in my safari suit and hat with a leopard skin headband round it. As you get older, you want to get back to basics.

Ali Campbell

(UB40)

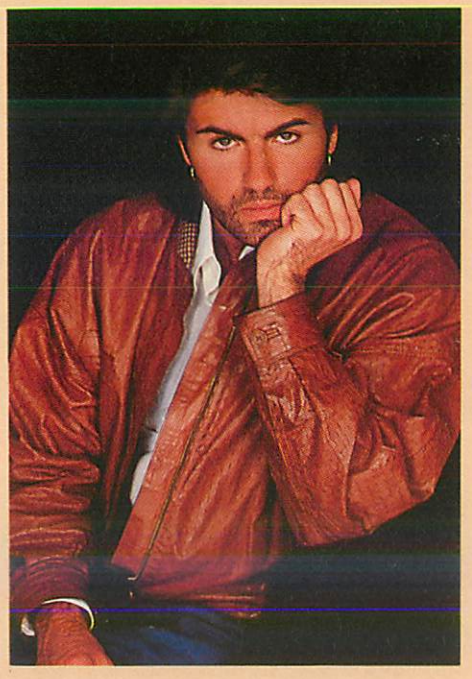
■ **NAME:** Alistair Campbell.
BORN: February 2, 1959 in Birmingham.
FIRST CONCERT: I suppose it must have been when I was about three. My dad used to have a group, the Ian Campbell Folk Group, and he always used to take me along. But my first proper concert would have been Michael Jackson – The Jackson 5. They were brilliant. It was at the Birmingham Odeon, around 1973 I think. I was mad on the Jacksons: I had all the stuff, the Jackson 5 insignia on my school blazer, the lot.
WHO DID YOU WANT TO GROW UP TO BE? Well, I never wanted to be anyone else. But my heroes, I suppose, must be Stevie Wonder and Michael Jackson. And when I was 11 I got into Bob Marley. But I couldn't really be any of them 'cos I'm white.
MOST PROFOUND THING THAT HAPPENED TO YOU WHEN YOU WERE GROWING UP? There've been so many I can't even think of one. I suppose it must have been getting involved in reggae music. It really glads me. It elates me truly, a piece of dub music. Also, it being the newest, freshest kind of music, I got into it by growing up in an environment with Indian people, Africans, lots of different cultures. It used to be great in Birmingham but now it's fallen apart. It's the same with all the big cities during the last decade. Why? I suppose it might have something to do with Margaret Thatcher.
WHAT WAS THE STUPIDEST THING YOU DID AS A KID? The *silliest* thing I ever did was to nick a lightbulb and a container of crab paste. I got a conditional discharge. I didn't need the lightbulb or the crab paste. I was just stealing it.
PREVIOUS JOBS: Once I went up to the Isle Of Skye and worked tossing cabers, building fences and living off boiled potatoes and salt fish. Then I applied for a job at Butlins and did the full five month season – I was a cashier, counting up the money from the Mardi Gras, the Pig'n'Whistle and the chip shops. Then I worked in an easter egg factory. It was the most revolting experience of my life. I had to sit in front of this huge tray of *millions* of chocolate buttons moving very slowly towards me and when two were stuck together I had to separate them. *Never* again. I had to walk around with this trolley and pick the scraps off the floor and wheel it to the recycling place – they make the big eggs out of *all sorts* of bits of chocolate.
HAVE YOU GOT ANY CHILDREN? Yeah, a little boy called Ali. I wanted him called that 'cos I'm really called Alistair. It has caused a lot of confusion though, most people think he must be Muslim or something. I play with him a lot – I draw, colour, go up and down the stairs with him on piggy back and tease the dog. I used to be a really good drawer but now I only ever do things for *him* – mainly cockroaches, earwigs and Spiderman.
IS MEAT MURDER? Yes, I'm a *very* strict vegetarian. No, I was lying! But I don't eat pork, I don't eat bacon – *that* often. That's just because I don't like fat.
DO YOU WORRY ABOUT YOUR WEIGHT? (*Sarcastically*) I do. Because I don't eat that much and I keep getting fatter. It's a real constant worry to me.
WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE INDIAN MEAL? Quarter tandoori chicken with meat samosas and a nan and *Bulls Blood* and yoghurt.
IF YOU HAD TO TAKE PART IN THE OLYMPICS WHICH SPORT WOULD YOU CHOOSE? Something like shooting or, er, bows and arrows – something that didn't involve me having to jump over things or run around too much, you know? I do weight training and I play pool, snooker and table tennis. They're like my Olympic sports I reckon.
DO YOU WEAR BOXER SHORTS OR Y-FRONTS? I usually wear boxer shorts with pigs on them – I've got two pairs, one with normal pigs and the other with pigs with wings. I like pigs, you see. In fact I was born in the Chinese year of The Pig, though I only discovered that recently and I've had this thing about pigs for a long time. I want to own one of those Vietnamese little blue pigmy pigs, have it curled up in front of the fire in my lounge. And, in any case, I've always looked like a pig.
WHAT WOULD YOU MISS MOST IN THE EVENT OF A NUCLEAR WAR? The earth. The trees. Not being alive. Things like that. Did you hear about that new proposal made to US Senate? It suggested taking a quarter of a million American kids and putting them in the USSR to grow up and doing the same with a quarter of a million Russian kids in America, going on the idea that you wouldn't bomb your own kids. It's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard.
DO YOU FEEL GUILTY ABOUT MAKING SO MUCH MONEY? No. I want a lot, thank you very much. It's people that have grown up with money that feel guilty about having it because they think it's romantic to have none. So you get all these middle class kids living in poverty for a laugh because they think it's romantic. But they soon find out it isn't and go back to mummy.
WHEN WOULD YOU LIKE TO RETIRE? When I'm about 29 or 30. I'd like to sit there watching my plants grow while drinking rum punches and zombies. I love watching things grow. But I'd probably get bored of it in a couple of years. . .

HOWARD JONES

■ **NAME:** John Howard Jones.
BORN: February 23, 1955 in Southampton.
HEIGHT: 5' 7"
NICKNAME: Big H at school.
FIRST CONCERT: A line-up featuring The Who, The Troggs and The 1910 Fruitgum Company in Ottawa, Canada. I was 14 and it was the attraction of The Who that got me there.
FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: The "Blood Sweat And Tears" LP. I was really into brass instruments and Hammond organs and this line-up featured both.
PREVIOUS BANDS: A classical rock band called Warrior, a punk band called Bicycle Thieves and a rock group by the name of Skin Tite.
WERE YOU THE SCHOOL SWOT? Yes, until I was 13 and then I became the opposite, a young rebel who disrupted classes and just got really, really bored. And then I entered a phase when I was 16 where I became a toned-down version who just let the time pass and did the minimum. And did I get any qualifications? Yeah, I did actually. I got 10 O-Levels and two A-Levels. They served me no purpose whatsoever.
PREVIOUS JOBS: I've done loads. I put plastic tents together for £1.25 an hour. Once I was a ballpoint pen assembler. I used to do that in the school holidays. And I worked for Macfisheries, as an assistant in one of their shops. And then I was a clingfilm machinist in a factory. I got promoted to a stock controller and then to production controller. I was there, in all, for a year and a half. Then I was a piano teacher. I had 60 students. . . a week! And I used to go out in a transit van with a load of fruit and veg in the back and do a round, door-to-door. And in my spare time I used to nail picture frames together. As well as doing all these jobs I was constantly writing songs, playing in bands and just spending a lot of time at the piano. I always wanted to play music full time and be free of these jobs.
HOW DID YOU MEET YOUR WIFE? I was best friends with her brother and they used to live down the road from me. We met when I was 17 or 18 and have been married for five years. Her name's Janet but she's known as Jan.
WHAT IS LOVE? When you get a state of communication between two people and when they can talk about their absolute innermost thoughts on any subject. Love will follow after that.
WHAT MAKES YOU LAUGH? Typical eccentric English humour. *The Young Ones, The Comic Strip.* The kind of thing they don't understand abroad.
WHAT MAKES YOU ANGRY? Insincerity, liars, disrespect because of cosmetic differences. Violence (of any kind). People criticising others without knowing anything about them. People wasting their talents.
WHEN DID YOU LAST GO TO THE DOCTOR? I haven't been ill for years. I put it down to my diet and to the fact that I take one multi-vitamin tablet every day. And if I feel a slight cold coming on – colds really nag me because I can't write or sing – I take a vitamin C tablet. It's also probably because I don't eat eggs any more – the way they're produced is a *scandal*.
FAVOURITE FOOD: Anything that doesn't have dead animals in it. I've been a vegetarian for years now. But I love Indian food.
ARE YOU ANY GOOD AT COOKING? I used to cook all the time and do enjoy it, but don't have so much time now. My speciality is a vegetable curry. Learning how to do it was a question of trial and error, tested out by friends.
HERO: John Lennon, because of the things he sang about and the direct way he sang them. He didn't mince his words.
HEROINE: My Mum.
HAVE YOU GOT A DOG? Yes – he's called Benny. A friend of ours had a dog and Benny was one of her puppies. He's completely wacky. He's only a small dog, but whenever one of us comes in he leaps up to the height of our ears and licks them. He does that to everyone. The worst thing about him is that he smells – not very often, though. And the funniest thing about him is his ears. He's got one ear that's permanently down and one ear that's permanently up, so he looks like he's indicating.
WHAT'S YOUR "PHILOSOPHY" OF "LIFE"? I try to talk about personal change and to be constructive. I don't want to look out on the world and say 'it's the world's fault' or 'it's the government's fault'. I take the view that if we want to change things we have to do it ourselves personally.

WHY DID YOU BECOME A TAX EXILE FOR A YEAR? I've got a lot of ideas of what I can do with the money rather than paying it in taxes. I agree with a lot of things taxes pay for – hospitals and social services – but there's a hell of a lot I *don't* agree with – like buying missiles and torturing animals. So I put the onus on *myself* to do something with that money.
EVER BEEN TO HOSPITAL? Once. I was born in hospital, but I also once had my appendix out. Apparently I nearly died. If I hadn't had it out in another 24 hours it would have burst and killed me. I was 18 when it happened. But I have no fear of hospitals. I just think nurses are incredible. I really admire them.
HOBBIES: I only ever walk the dog. Or watch TV sometimes.
ANY SPORTS? No. I would say I'm probably fairly fit, though, through doing gigs.
MOST HATED PHRASE: "It's impossible" because I don't believe anything is. It's a very negative thing.
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR CHILDREN TO GROW UP? Free thinking. I'd like them to be whatever *they* wanted to be. I'd be surprised if they wanted to be like me. If you've seen your parents do something I'd have thought you'd want to do your own individual, separate thing.
WHAT'S YOUR AMBITION? To write music and lyrics that are of use to people.
DO YOU WORRY ABOUT GOING DOWN THE DUMPER? It doesn't worry me, there's a million other things I could do. Like write film music. Or open a chain of vegetarian supermarkets – that would be an interesting project!

GEORGE MICHAEL



■ **NAME:** Yorgos Kyriakou Panayiotou.
BORN: June 25, 1963 in Finchley, North London.
HEIGHT: 5' 11"
NICKNAME: Yog.
FIRST MEMORY: Seeing some goats at a zoo when I was three or four years old.
BIGEST THRILL AS A CHILD: Getting a purple-and-blue bike when I was seven, I dreamt about it for weeks before. I was really pleased with it.
DID YOU SIT AT THE BACK OR FRONT OF THE CLASS? The back. I was always lazy academically but usually managed to scrape through. We're going back to our school before Christmas to do an end-of-term personal appearance for the teachers and pupils.
FIRST CRUSH: My first crush was on my school teacher, Mrs Wilson, when I was about six.
FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: "The Right Thing To Do" by Carly Simon in 1973. I bought it in a record shop in Cyprus when we were on holiday there. I've not liked many of her records since then, although "Why?" this year was pretty good.
FIRST CONCERT: Elton John at Earls Court in 1975, I think. He was spot on, brilliant, especially considering how big Earls Court is. It was a fantastic show.
FIRST DATE: When I was 14 I went out with a girl called Lesley Bywaters who was in my class at school. I looked a lot older than 14 and we used to go up to clubs in London, like the Global Village and Cherry's. But we only went out for about two months. I was well into being a soul boy then – I really liked people like Sylvester, Chic, etc.
WERE YOU UGLY THEN? I looked absolutely *horrendous*. I wouldn't say I'm a swan now but then I was the traditional 'ugly duckling'. I went through that bad phase of puppy fat and stuff. . . I didn't stand much chance with the girls.
FIRST GROUP: The Executives.
PREVIOUS JOBS: Cinema usher, DJ in restaurants, labourer on a building site. I also had a Saturday job at British Home Stores. I got sacked for not wearing a shirt and tie in the stock room, believe it or not.
DOES BEING SO RICH MAKE YOU FEEL GUILTY? Well, like a lot of things in life, what I earn is out of proportion, out of perspective, unfair, but I don't feel guilty because I clear my conscience by giving a lot of it away. I don't make donations and then ask for it to be publicised. I just do it when I think there's an urgent need for something. I'm not doing it so that people will think I'm the most generous person in the world. I wouldn't be a pop star if I was. I'd be out there trying to solve all the things that are wrong with the world. But I'm too selfish to do that.
WHAT MAKES YOU ANGRY? People who assume they know something about you when they meet you for the first time. People who think I'm a slag because they've read about my 'exploits' in the *News Of The World*. What else? Customs officials. Since I started wearing an earring I get nabbed every time I go through. They take everything apart – they get shaving foam, all my *Clinique* range, the shampoo, the conditioner, the contact lens solution all over them. Serves 'em right.
DO YOU MISS BEING IN WHAM!? No. Not really. All Wham! were ever about was saying "we're here, this is all there is, enjoy it". That's all. And people couldn't take that. People just thought we were prats. We were the first group since the days of The Beatles who didn't relate their personalities to their music. And people couldn't understand that. They thought that bloke poncing around in the pretty blond hair with the shorts and the teeth was me! They couldn't understand that it was me trying to be the ultimate performer, reflecting what I saw as the ultimate pop song in the only way possible.
HOW DO YOU WRITE A NUMBER ONE HIT? A great pop song has something about it that will appeal to millions of people. There are different ways of doing that. You can do it in a crass way, or in an uplifting way. I like to have a line or two that makes your ears cock up when you hear them on the radio. Like "guilty feet ain't got no rhythm". How many people put a word like *feet* in a love song? It's hardly a romantic word!
WHAT'S THE WORST SONG YOU'VE EVER WRITTEN? "Bad Boys". I *hate* it. It's like an albatross around my neck. It's too formularised. Those couple of months – that record and the "Fantastic" album – were the worst point in my career. I couldn't see the wood for the trees. I didn't know what I was doing. Still, I think "Fantastic" was a reasonably good first album made under a lot of pressure.
HAVE YOU GOT ANY PASTIMES? No, I don't really – just dancing, clubbing and drinking. . .
DO YOU HAVE ANY AMBITIONS LEFT? I'd like to be one of the best-known artistes of my time. . .
CAN YOU IMAGINE BEING OLD? I've thought about this, actually. I'm not frightened of getting to 40 or 50. I'm not going to be one of those people who sits up worrying about how many wrinkles they've got. Anyway I've already decided I'm going to wrinkle distinguishedly. I've got the wrinkles all worked out, where they're going to be!

Photo: d.i.d. circle

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A new thing from London town
Oh atmosphere in music round
Colour slashed across the face
Plastic hand in hand with lace
Grey mist to still the night
Sliding through the coloured light
Heads glide along the street
Rendezvous with marching feet

Chorus
A new thing from London town
A new thing from London town
Woah woah woah woah
Woah woah woah woah

New thing from London town
All directions pointing down
Follow leaders to the door
For future guardians of war
Clicking films in black and white
Dark masters of the night
Meet the heroes of their time
United under banner signs

Repeat chorus

New thing from London town
A new thing from London town
A new thing from London town
Voices shout above the sound
Join hands and closing eyes
One by one they slowly rise
Time waits and standing still
Watches men that time can't kill
This night they turn the tide
And then return to where they hide

Repeat chorus twice

New thing from London town

Repeat to fade

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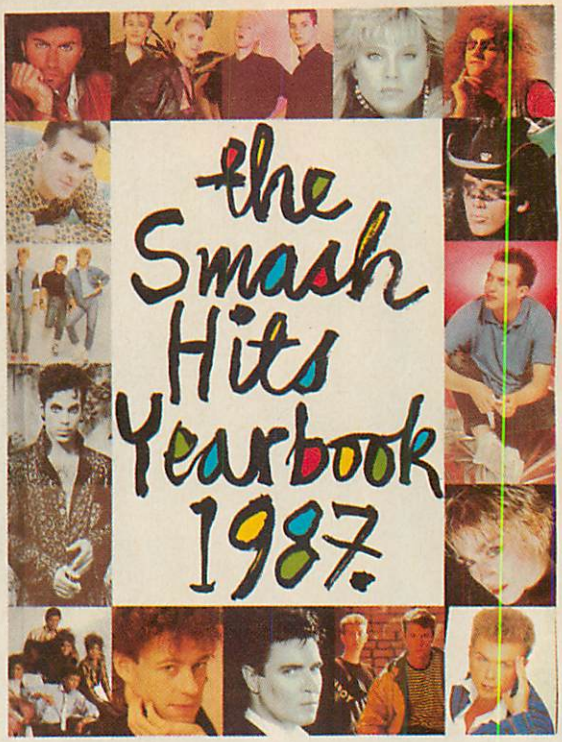

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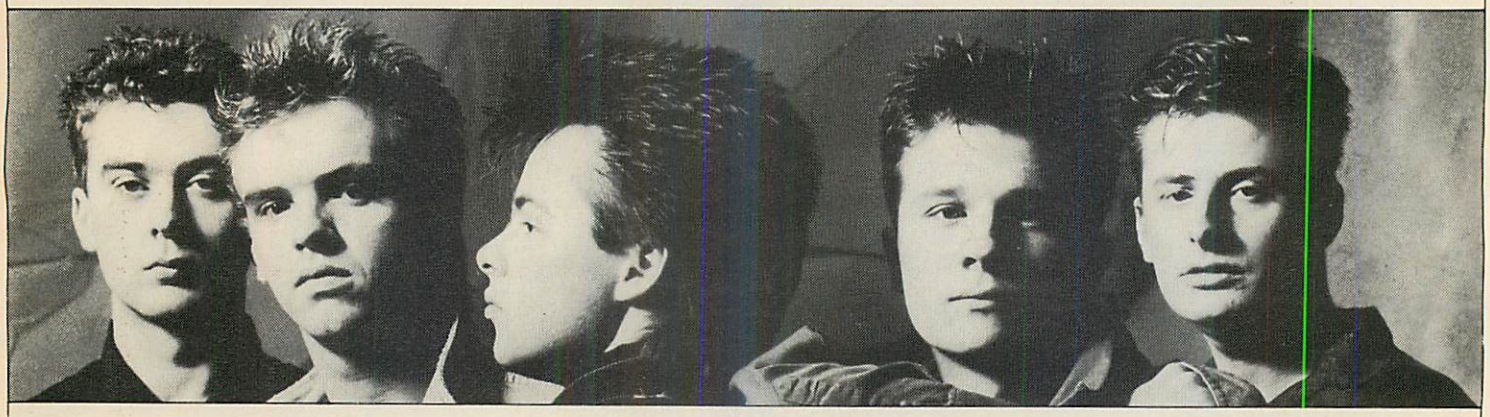

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WHO

William Shaw finds out . . .

Q: **Which group has:**
a) Been together for nine years and *never* had a feature in *Smash Hits* until this very moment?
b) Released 12 LPs, millions of singles and yet never been within a mile of getting on *Top Of The Pops*?
c) Just had its biggest selling single ever, "Mr Pharmacist", and even *that* only got to number 75 in the charts?
d) Written lots and lots of odd spiky songs with weird names like "Bingo Masters Break Out", "How I Wrote Elastic Man", "Totally Wired" and "Kicker Conspiracy"?

A: ***The Fall*, a group led by a strange "singer" called Mark E. Smith who's been hailed by some "critics" as a "genius", and who, despite a commercial history which would have made others give up ages ago, still command devotion from thousands of fans.**

In the bar of a London hotel, Mark E. Smith and his wife Brix are trying to have a quiet drink. Brix is in The Fall too – she plays guitar. (She's also got a group of her own, called The Adult Net, who recently released the moderately successful single "Waking Up In The Sun".) In the same hotel bar there are also a couple of dozen businessmen dressed in suits, who seem to have been at a "conference" and are without doubt getting a little squiffy. Mark has to jostle his way through them to carry his and Brix's drinks back to their corner table.

"They're savages, these people in suits!" he blurts disgustedly in his sharp Mancunian voice.

"I *know*," assents Brix.

"It's really unbelieveable," he mutters gruffly. "It's worse than any pub in Salford . . . What's this supposed to be a feature on, then? I can't get to the bottom of this. Is it on The Adult Net and The Fall or just The Fall?"

Once it's explained to him that this is supposed to be about *both* groups he seems satisfied. In fact he seems to quite *like* the idea of being interviewed.

You see, The Fall don't really consider themselves a "pop group" at all. When they formed in 1977, they were part of the so-called "punk movement", and they've carried on regardless in their own sweet way ever since. Mark doesn't so much *sing* his songs as sort of *bark* them. On stage he hunches over a microphone with a scowl on his face pouring out a stream of words that are either very "meaningful" or complete twaddle, depending on which way you look at it.

"The reason The Fall started," says Mark, "was to put a bit of brains back into music . . . What's that group called — It Bites?" He grimaces at the mere thought. "That's very much what we were up against in '77. So tedious. We didn't have any illusions about selling records. I'm quite sort of pleased to be where I am now, touch wood." (Mark whacks his hand down onto the wooden table in front of him: *SLAPPP*!!! Brix does the same for effect: *SLAPPP*!!!) "Everybody always asks if I'm upset that we've never sold any more records. Do people think that I'm bloody *stupid*? Do they think that each time I put a single out I go 'Oh no! Not again. I haven't got a hit! What am I doing wrong?' My word, I'm not *that* daft."

So, over the years he's released a steady stream of brash, jerky songs, packaged in scrawly, amateurish sleeves, and though they haven't exactly earned him a fortune they *have* earned him the sincere respect of Fall fans who tend to take the group's songs very, very seriously indeed. Rock "critics" too have a tendency to use gushing prose about the man. ("Yes, I've read a lot of stuff that I get very embarrassed by," admits Mark.)

And there's another thing that has singled out The Fall over the years: they have always looked completely and *utterly* un-trendy, with Mark usually being seen in some scruffy old pair of trousers and a simply vile crimplene shirt. So did he deliberately go out and buy horrid clothes?

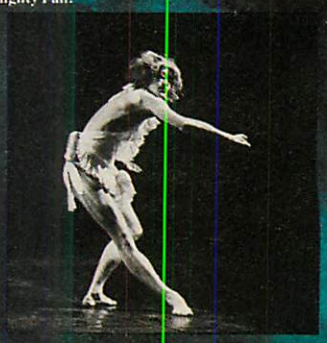
"When we started," answers Mark, "it was always very clear to me that, if you were looking for 'style', the very last place you should look is pop music. People always used to think that we dressed like that deliberately. The old myth perpetuated about The Fall is that we were a load of old scruffs and all that. I'm not going to say that we're dead *sma-a-a-art*," he drawls, "because I don't think that we do look particularly *sma-a-a-art*, but we do know what *not* to wear. That's the thing about The Fall – we always knew what *not* to wear. I mean, I don't think there's anything particularly great about someone in a greatcoat and spiky hair. We used to be on punk bills when we started and the *things* people used to *wear*," he says in a voice *full* of loathing. "I mean, people would laugh at you now, but that was called 'style' then."

But!!! In the last few years, a couple of things have happened to The Fall which have definitely made them a bit more "fashionable". For a start they've been joined by Brix: while Fall members have usually been dour North of England types, she comes from a very, *very* swish Los Angeles backround. And – even "trendier" – the group's songs have been turned into ballet pieces by "avant garde" ballet dancer Michael Clark (the one who jumps around with his bare bottom sticking out of his tights and who is generally thought to be a bit "shocking").

"What do I make of Michael Clark?" ponders Mark. ". . . Erm. I like some of the things he's done. I went to see him do the last one in Manchester. That was quite funny because all the audience were in dickie bows and blue rinses. They had our music on the speakers and they couldn't cope with it. All the people were trying to clap along politely to this DANG-DANG-DANG-CRRRRRRRRRASH! Except for this one old woman with jewels on who had her hands over her ears. Fabulous."

As for Brix — well, you couldn't imagine anyone more different from Mark E. Smith (the "E" stands for Edward, by the way). *He's* from Manchester, he left school at 16, and went to work in the Customs office at the local docks. *She* comes from a rich and posh American family, her mother is a psychiatrist, she's a friend of Susannah Hoffs from The Bangles, and she used to be a model for the very up-market *Fiorucci* store in Los Angeles. And, unlike un-trendy Mark, she looks incredibly glamorous and *loves* shopping for clothes.

▼ Avant-garde dance person Michael Clark wigging out to yet another gruff waxing by the mighty Fall.



"My motto," she says, "is 'shop till you drop'. I *always* look nice."

The couple met in Chicago, where Brix's mother lives, when The Fall were on tour over there. Brix had heard one of their records a couple of weeks before and went along to see them. After the concert she went into a bar and . . . lo! There was Mark. "I bumped into him. SMACK! I thought he was very intelligent and he had a lot of brains."

They fell in love, got married, and now they live in a three bedroomed house in Manchester in (says Brix) a "nice" area, with a "nice" garden and some "nice" paintings. And this Christmas, confides Brix, they're giving themselves a car for Christmas. A BMW. "If I could I'd get a Porsche," she adds, "but we can't afford it."

Then, a year and a half ago, Brix formed The Adult Net. She'd had her own group before in California and she'd written all these songs which didn't really sound like Fall songs at all, so she thought *she'd* better go ahead and sing them instead. The Adult Net are a lot less strange than The Fall, more of a pop group. And their four singles have done rather better than most Fall singles do.

And so what does Mark think of The Adult Net?

"Do I like them? I love them. I think they're great, yeah. I think their single "Edie" was superb. And I quite like this new one as well."

And the secret of a happy relationship for two married pop performers? "When we work we don't walk around holding hands."

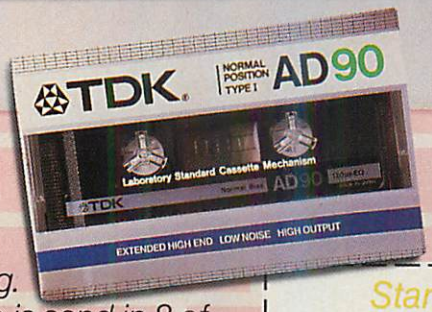
"The Fall," says Brix, "are my first love though. If the Adult Net get famous, and touch wood they do — (*SLAPPP!*) — I'd never leave The Fall. But maybe the Adult Net will make a lot of money . . ."

Which is one thing you can be sure The Fall *will* never do. They'll go along in their own strange way, probably releasing more LPs, more spiky singles, and *still* never making it within a mile of *Top Of The Pops* . . .

▲ The Fall as they used to look hundreds of years ago i.e. not exactly swoonerrific.

Paul Rider

GO A BUNCH ON THIS GREAT OFFER FROM



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"HAPPENINGS"

A-HA (Extra Dates): Birmingham NEC (*January 16/17*), London Royal Albert Hall (*29/30/31*).

● Unfortunately these dates were announced at the last minute and will probably be sold out already.

COCTEAU TWINS: Portsmouth Guildhall (*November 6*), Nottingham Royal Centre (*7*), Liverpool Royal Court (*8*), Glasgow Barrowlands (*9*), Dublin SFX (*11*), Belfast Ulster Hall (*12*).

● Tickets are available from box offices and usual agencies priced at £4.50 and £5 for Portsmouth, Nottingham and Liverpool, £5 for Glasgow, £7 for Dublin and £6 for Belfast.

ULTRAVOX: Glasgow Barrowlands (*November 1*), Edinburgh Playhouse (*2/3*), Whitley Bay Ice Rink (*4*), London Wembley Arena (*5/6*), Birmingham NEC (*7*), Cardiff St David's Hall (*10*), Cornwall St Austell Coliseum (*11*), Brighton Centre (*12*), Poole Arts Centre (*13*), Oxford Apollo Theatre (*14*).

● Tickets are available from the box offices and usual agencies and are priced £7.50 for Glasgow and Whitley Bay and £8 and £7 for Edinburgh, London, Birmingham, Cardiff, Cornwall, Brighton, Poole and Oxford. Wembley tickets are also available by post from Ultravox Box Office, PO Box 2, London, W6 0LQ. Enclose a SAE and make cheques/postal orders (including 30p booking fee) payable to MCP Ltd.

EURYTHMICS (EXTRA DATES): Birmingham NEC (*December 1*), Wembley Arena (*15/16*).

● Tickets for the new shows, tickets for Wembley are available only by postal application from: Eurythmics Box Office, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ. Tickets are £9 and £8. Please state on the envelope the date tickets are required for and enclose a cheque/postal order made payable to MCP Ltd including a 50p booking fee and a SAE. Birmingham tickets are also priced £9 and £8 and are available from the box office and usual ticket agencies.

JULIAN COPE: Leeds Polytechnic (*October 27*), Birmingham Diamonds Suite (*28*), Bristol Bierkeller (*29*), Canterbury Kent University (*31*), London Astoria (*November 1*).

● Tickets are available from the box offices and cost £4 for Leeds, £4 in advance and £4.50 on the door for Birmingham, £4 for Bristol, £3.50 in advance and £4 on the door for Canterbury and £5 for London.

SANDIE SHAW: Royal Holloway Bedford College (*October 10*), Bradford University (*11*), London Mean Fiddler (*16*), London ULU (*17*), Norwich UEA (*18*).

BIG COUNTRY: London Wembley Arena (*December 11*).

● Tickets are priced £7.50 and £8.50 available from the Wembley box office, ticket agencies and by post from the Big Country Box Office, PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH. Applicants should enclose a SAE and make cheques payable to Big Country.

PSYCHEDELIC FURS: Poole Arts Centre (*November 27*), Bristol Colston Hall (*28*), Newport Centre (*30*), Birmingham Odeon (*December 2*), Bradford St George's Hall (*3*), Nottingham Royal Centre (*4*), London Hammersmith Odeon (*7/8*), Brighton Centre (*9*), Manchester Apollo (*11*), Sheffield City Hall (*12*), Liverpool Royal Court (*13*), Newcastle City Hall (*15*), Edinburgh Playhouse (*16*), Aberdeen Capitol Hall (*17*), Glasgow Barrowlands (*18*).

SMILEY CULTURE: Kingston Polytechnic (*October 10*), Leicester University (*11*), Bath University (*13*), Hatfield Polytechnic (*16*), Egham Royal Holloway College (*17*), Reading University (*21*).

ERASURE: Birmingham Aston University (*October 10*), Coventry Polytechnic (*11*), Manchester Hacienda (*14*), Liverpool Polytechnic (*15*), Sheffield Polytechnic (*16*), Hull University (*17*), Trent Polytechnic (*18*), Bradford University (*23*), London Mean Fiddler (*25/26*).

THE COMMUNARDS: Belfast Grand Opera House (*November 12/13*), Dublin Stadium (*15*), Aberdeen Music Hall (*18*), Edinburgh Playhouse (*19*), Glasgow Barrowlands (*20*), Manchester Apollo (*22*), Liverpool Royal Court (*23*), Newcastle City Hall (*24*), Harrogate Conference Centre (*26*), Norwich UEA (*27*), Birmingham Odeon (*28*), Bristol Studio (*30*), London Royal Albert Hall (*December 1*), London Hammersmith Palais (*2*), Oxford Apollo (*4*), Portsmouth Guildhall (*5*), Nottingham Royal Centre (*7*), Brighton Dome (*8*).

● Tickets are available from the box offices and usual ticket agencies priced £5.50 and £4.50 outside London, £5.50 for Hammersmith Odeon and £4, £5, £6 and £7 for The Royal Albert Hall.

FIVE STAR (EXTRA DATE): London Brixton Academy (*October 18*).

PETER MURPHY: Brighton University (*October 16*), St Albans City Hall (*17*), Portsmouth Polytechnic (*18*), Birmingham Powerhouse (*19*), London Town And Country Club (*21*), Huddersfield Polytechnic (*22*), Newcastle Polytechnic (*24*), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (*25*), Edinburgh St George Theatre (*27*), Leeds Warehouse (*28*), Nottingham Rock City (*29*), Sheffield Polytechnic (*30*), Hull University (*31*).

LENNY HENRY: Northampton Derngate (*November 3*), St Albans City Hall (*4*), Croydon Fairfield Hall (*6*), Middlesbrough Town Hall (*7*), Aberdeen Capitol (*8*), Edinburgh Kings Theatre (*9*), Glasgow Pavilion (*10*), Wolverhampton Grande (*12*), Oxford Apollo (*13*), Halifax Civic Theatre (*14*), Poole Arts Centre (*16*), London Royalty Theatre (*17/18*), Ipswich Gaumont (*22*), Bristol Colston Hall (*24*), Reading Hexagon (*26*), Salisbury City Hall (*27*), Cardiff St David's Hall (*28*), Dartford Orchard (*29*), Brighton Dome (*December 1*), Canterbury Marlowe (*2*), Warwick Arts Centre (*4*), Harrogate Centre (*5*), Birmingham Odeon (*6*), Sheffield City Hall (*7*), Nottingham Royal Centre (*9*), Liverpool Empire (*10*), Preston Guild Hall (*11*), Hanley Victoria Hall (*12*), Newcastle City Hall (*13*), Manchester Palace (*14*).

THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG: Edinburgh University (*October 30*), Glasgow Strathclyde University (*31*), Aberdeen The Venue (*November 1*), Dundee Dance Factory (*2*), Sheffield Limit Club (*4*), Bradford University (*5*), Newcastle Polytechnic (*7*), Middlesbrough Teeside Polytechnic (*8*), Huddersfield Polytechnic (*12*), Manchester International (*15*), Birmingham Powerhouse (*16*), Bristol Bierkeller (*20*), Colchester University (*22*), London Town And Country Club (*23*).

IRON MAIDEN: London Hammersmith Odeon (*November 9*).

● Tickets priced £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 are now on sale at the Odeon box office and ticket agencies.

SUZANNE VEGA: Birmingham Odeon (*November 19*), Norwich UEA (*20*), Leeds University (*22*), Manchester Apollo (*23*), Edinburgh Usher Hall (*24*), Liverpool Royal Court (*25*), Belfast New Vic (*27*), Dublin Stadium (*29*), Oxford Apollo (*30*).

● Tickets are available from the venue box offices and usual agents and cost £6 and £5 except for Belfast where they cost £8 and £7 in Irish punts and Dublin where they are £8.50 and £8 in Irish punts.

BON JOVI: Bradford St George's Hall (*November 7*), Sheffield City Hall (*10*), Birmingham Odeon (*11*), Edinburgh Playhouse (*12*), Manchester Apollo (*14*), Newcastle City Hall (*15*), London Hammersmith Odeon (*17/18*), Liverpool Royal Court (*20*), Hanley Victoria Hall (*21*), Leicester De Montfort Hall (*23*), London Hammersmith Odeon (*24/25*).

● Tickets are available from the venue box offices and all usual agents and are priced at £6.50 and £6 (except for London where they are £7 and £6 and Leicester, Hanley, Victoria and Liverpool where they are £7).

THE SHOP ASSISTANTS: Kingston Polytechnic (*October 9*), Uxbridge Brunel University (*10*), Brighton Polytechnic (*11*), Leeds Warehouse (*15*), Aberdeen Venue (*17*), Glasgow Queen Margaret College (*18*), Newcastle Riverside (*20*), Sheffield University (*21*), Bradford University (*22*), Liverpool University (*23*), Trent Polytechnic (*24*), Essex University (*25*), Deptford Albany Empire (*26*), Birmingham University (*27*), Peterborough Tropicana (*29*), Manchester University (*30*), Warwick University (*31*), Leicester Princess Charlotte (*November 1*).

THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS: Liverpool University (*October 9*), Manchester International (*10*), Sheffield Leadmill (*11*), Portsmouth Polytechnic (*14*), Brighton Pavilion (*15*), Bristol Bierkeller (*16*), Leicester Princess Charlotte (*17*), Coventry Polytechnic (*18*), Birmingham Burberries (*21*), Southampton University (*22*), Oxford Polytechnic (*23*), London ULU (*24*), Dudley J.B.'s (*25*).

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ROUGH TRADE

Here we have 40 rather horrid things that some people have s

WHO ON ear TALKING

A Chris Heath "Quiz"

1. Morrissey: "A drunken goat could direct one of their videos." Whose videos? Was it: a) Duran Duran; b) Echo And The Bunnymen; c) Modern Talking; d) the cast of *Grange Hill*?

2. Jimmy Somerville: "That other one's legs! What's he called? He's got brilliant legs!" Whose legs? Was it: a) Steve Bronski; b) Roland Orzabal; c) Andrew Ridgeley; d) "Little" from Little And Large?

3. Midge Ure: "Their single's *pathetic.* His vocal is *terrible.* It's awful." Whose single? Whose voice? Was it: a) A-ha and Morten Harket; b) The Young Ones and Cliff Richard; c) Frankie and Holly Johnson; d) Duran Duran and Simon le Bon?

4. Ozzy Osbourne: "Some things are interesting but not some sod with a privet hedge hanging out of his arse. He's like a gay gardener." Who is? Is it: a) Freddie Mercury; b) Geoffrey Smith on *Gardener's World*; c) Morrissey; d) Robert Plant?

5. Marc Almond: "Lots of people hate him which sounds like good sense to me." Hate whom? Is it: a) Boy George; b) Mike Smith; c) God; d) Simon le Bon?

6. Midge Ure "They're a bit boring . . ." What are? Is it: a) old Ultravox albums; b) his trousers; c) ginger nuts; d) U2?

7. Nik Kershaw: "They're doing themselves tremendous harm. To begin with they'll shock people and have loads of initial impact but when that wears off, what's left for them to do?" For whom? Is it: a) Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik; b) Frankie Goes To Hollywood; c) A-ha; d) The Animal Liberation Front?

8. Paul King: "It's been a kind of parallel thing with me and her, I mean, we're both very sexual." (*Ger-ooo!*) Him and who? Is it: a) Patsy Kensit; b) Madonna; c) Valerie Singleton; d) his cleaning lady?

9. Robert Smith: "I'd like to hang him." Hang whom? Is it: a) Mike Smith; b) the bloke next door; c) Ronald "Mad Dog McDonald" Reagan; d) George Michael?

10. Rik Mayall: "I was quite worried about how we were going to get on with him but I didn't say 'hey farty breath' or anything." To whom? Was it: a) Prince Philip; b) "Sir" Clifford Richard; c) the dentist; d) The Pope?

11. Simon le Bon: "I do think their video is good – it's quite a clever technique. Shame it's such a crappy song." Who and what song? Was it: a) Spitting Image and "The Chicken Song"; b) The Power Station and "Some Like It Hot"; c) A-ha and "Take On Me"; d) Dire Straits and "Money For Nothing"?

12. Neil Tennant: "I hate the way he is, like 'oh *hi* gurls'. He makes me slightly nauseous." Who does? Is it: a) Gary Davis; b) Paul King; c) Chris Lowe; d) Cliff Richard?

13. Susannah Hoffs from the Bangles: "This sounds really weird but he always smells really good." Who does? Is it: a) her boyfriend; b) Prince; c) the dustbin man; d) Morrissey?

14. Midge Ure: "They're prats." Who are? Is it: a) the rest of Ultravox; b) the entire universe; c) A-ha; d) Wham!?

15. Jaz from Killing Joke: "They're vile Christian creatures.", Who are? Is it: a) Howard and Jan Jones; b) The Church of England; c) U2; d) The Housemartins?

16. Midge Ure: "He's not a real person, he's a facade like Des O'Connor, laughing at everybody's jokes." Who is? Is it: a) Morrissey; b) Terry Wogan; c) Ted Rodgers; d) Paul King?

17. Russ Abbot: "I can't see myself posing much of a threat to them." To whom? Is it: a) The Beatles; b) Opus; c) Wham!; d) an amoeba?

18. The Doctor from Dr And The Medics: "Everyone who's met him has come away thinking that he's one of the most miserable people on the planet. He's a horrible person and I think he'll agree with what I've just said as well." Who will? Is it: a) Chris Lowe from the Pet Shop Boys; b) someone very horrible; c) Richard Searle from Dr And The Medics; d) Mike Smith?

19. Philip Oakey: "She looks like the bleedin' hulk with a wig on." Who does? Is it: a) Divine; b) Cyndi Lauper; c) The Queen Mum; d) Madonna?

20. Joanne Catherall from the Human League: "He looks like a dustbin man." Who does? Is it: a) her dustbin man; b) Philip Oakey; c) "Sir" Alistair Burnet; d) Chris De Burgh?

21. Ian MacCulloch: "He was a Tory five years ago but now he's like Ken Livingstone's mannequin. I just think he's thick as two short planks." Who is? Is it: a) George Michael; b) Prince Charles; c) Neil Kinnock; d) Paul Weller?

aid about other people within the pages of *Smash Hits*. But. . .

TH ARE THEY ABOUT?

22. Mark O'Toole and Nasher: "I think she's the worst thing *ever*. Her squeaky voice is so annoying and the *way* she carries on . . ." "She's really obnoxious . . . she's ugly too." Who is? Is it: a) Madonna; b) The Queen; c) Dame Una of Stubbs; d) Cyndi Lauper?

23. George Michael: "We're helping them. Compared to us they look like a serious band." Who do? Is it: a) Duran Duran; b) Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik; c) The Smurfs; d) The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra?

24. Ali Campbell from UB40: "I find what they say in interviews is offensive – they're apolitical and thick. They don't even know what they want because they're stupid." Who are? Is it: a) Duran Duran; b) Bob Geldof and Paula Yates; c) Bananarama; d) the rest of UB40?

25. Angus Young from AC/DC: "They're splitting up? I didn't even know they'd *existed*!" Who had? Was it: a) AC/DC; b) The Liberal/SDP Alliance; c) Madness; d) Wham!?

26. Midge Ure: "I don't think anyone could call them 'satanic'. They're just awful." Who are? Is it: a) Duran Duran; b) Psychic TV; c) Iron Maiden; d) The Royal Family?

27. Bob Geldof: "He's a strange lad. He's sweet . . . but he's not like you or I." Who? Is it: a) Prince; b) Prince Charles; c) Morrissey; d) Michael Jackson?

28. Morrissey: "My favourite record by them? Is it possible to have one? Well, if I was horribly tortured and flogged to admit it . . . I think I'd rather face further flogging." Who is so awful? Is it: a) The Smiths; b) Wham!; c) The Thompson Twins; d) The New York Dolls?

29. Boy George: "I think they're stupid. They call me an idiot but what I'm doing is opening people's eyes." Who call him an idiot? Is it: a) Bronski Beat; b) Frankie Goes To Hollywood; c) Wham!; d) the entire population of the universe?

30. Lloyd Cole: "Arrogance is very easy to spot in people with no talent. He's arrogant because he's got no right to think he's got talent. I'd rather people stuck pictures of me on their wall than pictures of him. He's just a beefcake." Who is? Is it: a) Ronald McDonald; b) George Michael; c) Bruce Springsteen; d) Simon le Bon?

31. Paul Young: "He reminds me of an aubergine – all shiny and plump." Who does? Is it: a) Simon le Bon; b) Paul Young two years ago; c) the bloke on the fruit'n'veg counter at his local *Tesco's*; d) Boy George?

32. Mick Hucknall: "They're completely disgusting and crass and offensive. Their image reminds me of Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher – inhumanistic, uncaring, a load of old sick men." Whose image? Is it: a) Duran Duran; b) the Labour Party; c) Status Quo; d) Queen?

33. Nick Heyward: "She's modern, sexual, she's got style and she's a giant oneness." Who is? Is it: a) Madonna; b) Carmel; c) Doris Stokes; d) Doris from Five Star?

34. Mick Jagger: "He's a charming fellow. Very good manners and very good voice. He calls me up when he's worried." Who does? Is it: a) Howard Jones; b) Prince Charles; c) the operator; d) Michael Jackson?

35. Roland Orzabal: "She's so bland. There's absolutely no passion in what she does and they always play her music in restaurants that aren't very good." Who is? Is it: a) Nana Mouskouri; b) Madonna; c) Doris Stokes; d) Sade?

36. Boy George: "He hasn't exactly got the tenderest thighs I've ever seen. I mean, neither have I, but I don't wear a swimsuit." So who does? Is it: a) Marilyn; b) Duncan Goodhew; c) Pete Burns; d) Paul Weller?

37. Andy Taylor: "He nicked my hairstyle . . ." Who did? Was it: a) David Lee Roth; b) Martin Degville; c) Paul Weller; d) Neil Kinnock?

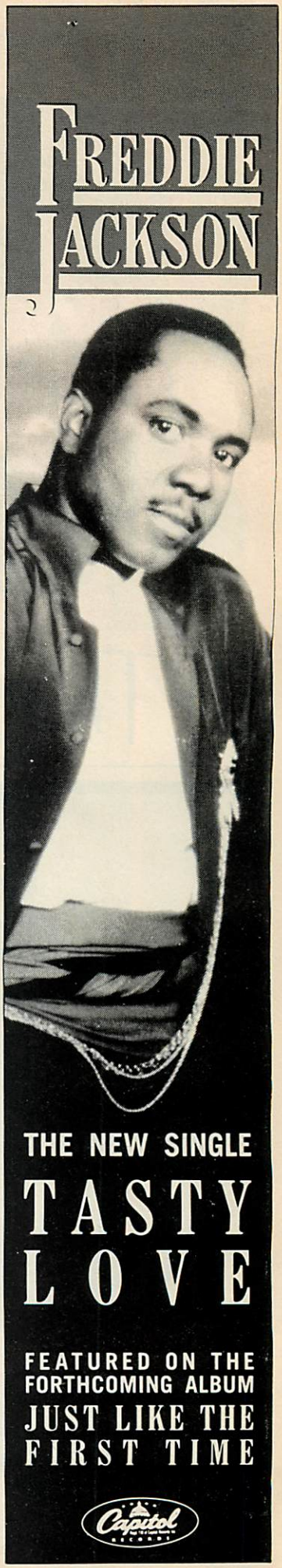
38. Paul Weller: "Which one's he? The one with the floppy hair?" Which one's who? Was it: a) Andy Taylor; b) Mick Talbot; c) Margaret Thatcher; d) John Taylor?

39. Killing Joke: "We're fundamentally opposed to someone like him in every possible way . . . that sort of rubbish, that piffle. It perpetuates the mindlessness of the record buying public, patronises young people. It's vile, inexcusable. Severe measures should be taken." Against whom? Is it: a) George Michael; b) Jonathan Miller; c) Bono; d) Howard Jones?

40. Samantha Fox: "No one's ever seen a picture of him, have they?" Of whom? Is it: a) Mr Angry; b) Prince; c) George Michael's dad; d) God?

ANSWERS

1. a) **2.** c) **3.** d) (he was talking about "Wild Boys".) **4.** c) **5.** d) **6.** d) **7.** b) **8.** b) (Ge-roo!) **9.** d) **10.** b) **11.** c) **12.** b) **13.** b) **14.** d) **15.** c) **16.** a) **17.** a), b), c) and d) (well, just c) *actually*.) **18.** c) **19.** d) **20.** d) **21.** d) **22.** d) **22.** d) **23.** a) **24.** a) **25.** d) **26.** a) (after Pat Boone had described Duran's *Live Aid* performance as "satanic") **27.** d) **28.** c) **29.** b) **30.** d) **31.** d) **32.** a) **33.** b) **34.** d) **35.** d) **36.** c) **37.** c) (in 1983) **38.** d) **39.** d) **40.** d)



Status Quo

In The Army Now

A vacation in a foreign land
Uncle Sam does the best he can
You're in the army now
Oh oh you're in the army now

Now you remember what the draftman said
Nothing to do all day but stay in bed
You're in the army now
Oh oh you're in the army now

You'll be the hero of the neighbourhood
Nobody knows that you left for good
You're in the army now
Oh oh you're in the army now

Smiling faces as you wait to land
But once you get there no one gives a damn
You're in the army now
Oh oh you're in the army now

Hand grenades flying over your head
Missiles flying over your head
If you want to survive get out of bed
You're in the army now
Oh oh you're in the army now

Shots ring out in the dead of night
The sergeant calls (stand up and fight)
You're in the army now
Oh oh you're in the army now

You've got your orders better shoot on sight
Your finger's on the trigger
But it don't seem right
You're in the army now
Oh oh you're in the army now
You're in the army now
Oh oh you're in the army now

Night is falling and you just can't see
Is this illusion or reality
You're in the army now
Oh oh you're in the army in the army now
You're in the army now
Oh oh you're in the army now

Oh oh you're in the army in the army now

Repeat to fade

Words and music by Bolland and Bolland
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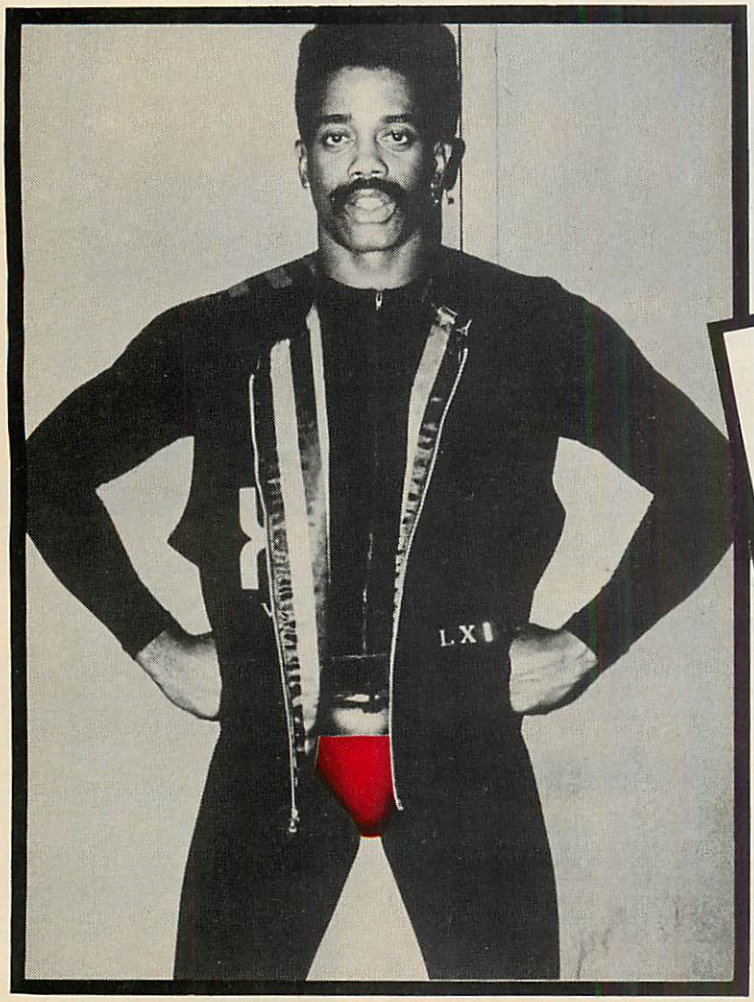

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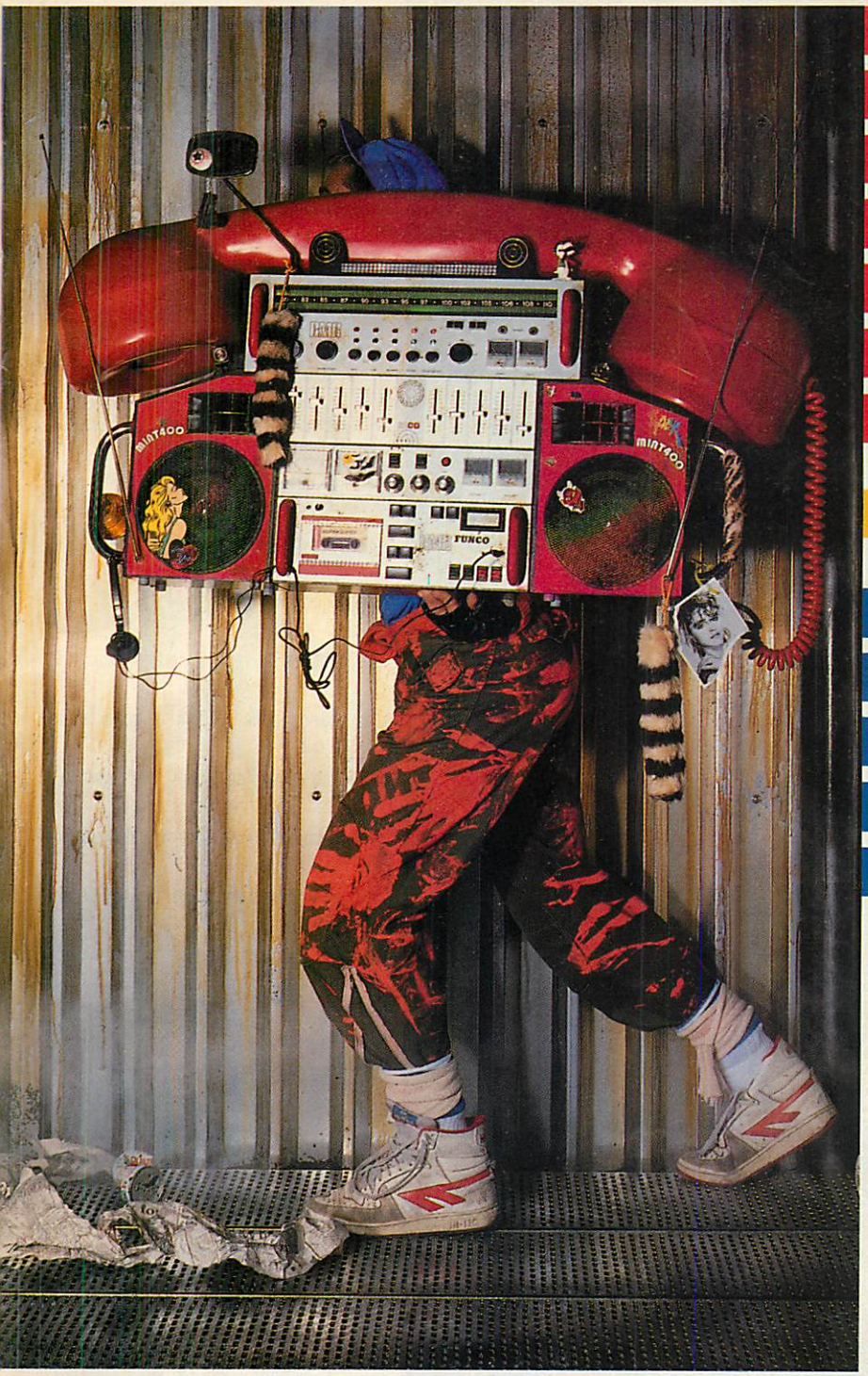

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LETTERS

WRITE TO: Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.
The most splendid letter gets a £10 record token and a **Black Type** tea-towel. Everyone else gets a commemorative pendant (i.e. a badge).

Dear **Schwarz Type** (as "they" say in Germany),

Here are some new re-vamped, non-stick, preservative free and terribly *Vorsprung durch Technik* (which "they" *never* say in Germany) "pro"verbs-

1) Too many cooks make TV programmes.

2) Many hands are a major disfigurement.

3) When the cat's away, the dog ceases to attack it (due to its untimely absence), there's less hairs on the furniture and mum saves on cat food (i.e. *Kit-"e" Kat* – 45p per tin. And eight out of ten owners profess it's jolly delicious, though what their cats think of it, I don't know).

4) A tea-towel in the hand is far better than one in a bush and a far sight more useful.

5) Small things come in small packages.

6) A rolling stone is now quite infamous due to the "revelations" of a certain "Mandy" Smith.

7) Cleanliness is next to Claymore in the *Concise (?) Oxford Dictionary*.

8) When in Rome, go and eat spaghetti.

9) An army walks on its feet.

10) Man cannot live by *McDonald's* cheeseburgers alone. Though he can try.

11) Silence is the bit in between record tracks, apart from Sigue "Zeeg" Sputnik LPs.

12) Manners maketh man. But several Swiss bank accounts maketh a husband.

Auf wiedersehen and could you ask Mrs Perkins to send me that recipe for that utterly heavenly dish she made the other day when the whole family got together for a really interesting knees-up.
Somebody who secretly admires Morten Harket's leather thongs (a sure bet for the Euro"vision" thong contest haw haw), Staffs.

A postman writes: Your assertion concerning small packages (5) could be grossly misleading to the general public. For whatever the size of item you intend to despatch elsewhere courtesy of Her Majesty's Mail Services, great care should be taken to ensure secure wrapping and on no account should one "skimp" on the use of brown paper or string (which can usually be found in any kitchen drawer). A new breakthrough in wrapping materials has been made by the advent of the "Jiffy" bag which is . . . (Oh, shut UP, you dreary old postman or I shall be forced to sniiiiiip you – BT) . . . manufactured by enclosing loose wads of protective packing within outer layers of (Sniiiiiiiiiip!) Another postman writes: I shall be delivering a token 'n' towel to your front door quite soon, you lucky thing. And, remember – always use your post code!! (Why? – B.T.) Um, not absolutely sure, actually . . .

Dear **Black Type,**

Why does your colleague (i.e. *Bitz* – spit on it) have to slag off Dire Straits and Mark Knopfler? Because he is the best elec-guitarist in the spooniverse – as you call it. I have taken the trouble to compose a poem.

An Ode To Mark Knopfler.
Though S 'H' claims your headband makes them sick,
I couldn't do without your twisteriffic licks.
David "even though I have the same name as a famous political leader I still wouldn't give my Brother's Arm for a tea towel and voucher" Owen, Portsmouth.
P.S. I haven't even got a brother. Ha! Sussed you.

You are the leader of the SDP "Party" and I claim my decanter of claret and signed photograph of the Trident nuclear submarine.

Dear *Smash Hits*,

You really make me sick with your trendily cynical approach to anything and everything. I am referring to your article about the "Anti Smack" record in your September 24 issue. In this you say, and I quote, "Will the general public approve the musicians' efforts, or will they just see it as a bunch of massive egos jumping on the bandwagon of another trendy cause?" Well, the answer is that we, the general public, *will* "approve" the "efforts" because anything that can be done to alleviate Britain's terrible drug problem must be worthwhile. Do you honestly believe that people of the stature of Fish and Holly Johnson would give up their rare and valuable spare time if they were merely "jumping on a bandwagon"? Why should they need to do such a thing? And why do you need to belittle their efforts? These "massive egos" can do good in the world, as Bob Geldof so admirably proved.
Glen Middlemass, Brighton.

Dear **Black Type,**

I'm writing to complain about your article in *Bitz* in the 13th August issue, about surfing being a stupid sport of the world. I totally disagree with this. You don't know what you're talking about.

Firstly, The Beach Boys were around 15-20 years ago and surfing has progressed a lot since then. I go surfing and thoroughly enjoy it. Even if I'm not very good. It is stupid to say all that about scoring with the chicks – how can I? I'm a girl!! – and I'm certainly not weird!

In Britain there is a very large surfing population and I'm sure they would disagree with your article.

As for *Hawaii Five O*, that also is a very old programme and we do get some good quality surf, especially in Devon and Cornwall. Otherwise why would they hold "The Fosters Surfmasters" here?

Surfers do not have to wear Baggies.

I know a lot of people who surf – my Dad has for nearly 20 years and moved 300 miles to do so.

Next time don't knock something you obviously know nothing about!
Debbie, N. Devon.

Ho hum,

Deary me. Children's BBC has finished for the day, and all that enhances the screen of my telly is a rather fuddy duddy person reading the 6 o'clock News.

Ho hum. What shall I do now? (Dramatic pause.) I know – I shall play my St. Winifreds School Choir "Are you Ready To Headbang" album. (Another dramatic pause whilst I locate the precious item.)

Ahh! Oh no, (plaintive wail). It's broken! It's ruddy well broken! Somebody's gone and ruddy well broken my sacred record with the trendy sleeve (lots of nine year olds in pink dresses looking very rebellious) and my free life-size poster of John Craven in a cable knit jumper.

What happens now? It's meaningless without the rap version of "No one Quite Like Grandma". Unless . . . ? No, it's stupid of me – as if some kind person would give me the money to buy a new one, or even a tea-towel, so that I could pawn it to retrieve my precious item. It's unthinkable.

I guess I shall just have to invent my own amusement. I shall just have to ruddy well sing myself . . .

"There's no one quite like Gwandma, and that you will agwee . . ."
Japonica Pussy, Exeter.

Thank you, Japonica. Long may your wistful refrain linger in my memory.

Dear **Black Type,**

Have any other *Smash Hits* readers noticed the striking resemblance between Jimmy Somerville of the Communards and the singing potatoes in the *Smith's Crisps* adverts on TV? Not only do they look alike, but they have amazingly similar voices! Any chance of a duet in the future, Jimmy?
Cameo's red pouch, Burnham.

Dear **Black Type**,

He who marries for money better be nice to his wife.

Laugh and the world laughs with you, cry and you have to blow your nose.

A penny saved is not much at all.

When the blind leadeth the blind, get out of their way.

Accidents will happen especially

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October 11: BRIGHTON POLY
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October 17: ABERDEEN VENUE
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We're getting there

LETTERS

coming home from the pub.
The Merx, Somewhere in England.

I fear you have made a tiny error in your last so-called proverb. For it has been clinically proven by the world's most illustrious scientist that *most* accidents occur in the home – particularly during the *Boost* chocolate bar advertisement when that chirpy git comes on and says "'Ello! 'Ow's yer ego?" causing 99 per cent of viewers to kick their sets to pieces in irritation. NB: Kicking in a television set can be highly dangerous.

Dear **Black Type**,
I have up-dated some so-called proverbs for your amusement.
If the cap fits it's not Mick Hucknall's.
Blood is thicker than Banana Nesquik.
A friend in need is a pest.
A watched *Pot Noodle* never boils.
Take care of the pence and you'll be able to buy the next issue of *Smash Hits*. (Cringe, fawn & lick **B.T.**'s boots!)
The Seer, Stoke On Trent.

Well, I suppose so – but it really all depends on how many heaped tablespoons of the powder you use to mix this rich and satisfying beverage i.e. *Nesquik*, doesn't it?

Dear **Black Type**,
I am 39 and read your magazine every week.
When I take it to work the young men and women laugh. Please tell them that you can be "old" and "with it".
Yours faithfully,
P.G. Speight, North Humberside.

Of *course* you can be "old" and "with it". I am referring, of course, to that rocking elderly gent, Cliff Richard. (PS: How much LONGER must we wait for Her Majesty to unfurl the trusty sabre and whisper the joyous words "Arise Sir Clifford!"? It is a national disgrace of climactic proportions!)

The Inventor of Rock 'n' Roll? C'est obvious mes fledglings – Goldie The Dog. Yus!
Examine the "facts":-
1) The Housemartins are the most brilliant group in the whole cosmiverse.
2) The album ("London 0 Hull 4" – available at all good record shops and several rather dodgy ones) has a song on it called "Flag Day".
3) Above mentioned song boasts the immortal words *"so you thought you'd like to see them healed, get Blue Peter to stage an appeal"*.
4) Goldie The Dog is the best "presenter" on Blue Peter.
5) So there!
My case, as "they" say, is rested.
The Mouth, Swindon.

Rubbish! It just so happens that *Red Box* are the most brilliant group in the whole cosmiverse, not to mention Modern Talking, The Krankies and those blokes who used to wear wig wams on Top Of The Pops (*Who on earth can you mean? – Ed.***), so where does *that* leave you and your ludicrous "theory"? Half way to the moon without a baked bean can with a funnel on the top, *that's* where!!**

Dear **Mr Type**,
In connection with the ongoing debate about who invented rock 'n' roll, I think you'll find I have the answer!
Using H.G. Wells' theory of elementary existence which states "No one may exist except the person who imagined existence", I find that no one may exist except me. . . therefore it must follow that I invented rock 'n' roll. On the other hand I *imagined* rock 'n' roll, H.G. Wells and even **Black Type**, therefore none of those exist. Therefore, rock 'n' roll hasn't been invented yet. Why am I sending you this letter if you don't exist then? Even more revolting – why did I imagine Sam Fox and Wham!?
Dr Emotional Yoghurt, Esq. Merseyside.
(P.S. An imaginery token'N'towel wouldn't go amiss.)

If your theory "holds water" then I have simply imagined your letter – though why I should wish to do that is quite beyond me. And if I am imagining Mr Perkins then I fear I am in urgent need of psychoanalysis.

Dear **Black "Type"**,
In 1764 I sent away for the free "T" shirt then on offer by the GBS Fan "Club" (George "Bernard" Shaw, aktcherlee).
I'm still waiting for it. This has to be a record, don't it?
Quizzical GBS Fan, London.

Hmmm. Sounds a bit far-fetched to me. But if your rather fishy story is actually true – well, what a patient person you are, Gawd bless yer.

To Whom It May Concern,
I suppose you think you've been oh so clever with all those snippets about religion in your *Bitz* pages last issue (24 September). But cannot you see the offence you have caused to thousands of innocent readers with your sneering "witticisms" about the Picards who worshipped God while naked (so what?) and your comparison between Jesus and Sir Isaac Wolfson (so what? again). It's all very clever and cool to be an atheist in the '80s and we Christians get laughed at almost every day of our lives so we're used to it by now, thank you very much. But to have this kind of anti-religious propaganda rammed down our throats on the pages of what is supposed to be only an inoffensive pop music magazine is really too much. All you have succeeded in doing is confirming a lot of ignorant people in their prejudices that anyone who believes in God must be a lunatic. There is nothing wrong with a little Christian faith, you know; believing in Jesus gives one hope and hope is something all too rare in our violent modern age. Laugh if you will, but do it at home (you can burn a few Cliff Richard records if it makes you feel any better) *not* on the printed page.
Joanna, Exeter.

Dear **Black Type**,
Sitting, as I was, on a Sri Lankan beach pondering the mysteries of this and other worlds (just like Arthur C. Aardvark), I was struck a "glancing" blow upon the head by an enormous spook-vibe.
The said vibe asked me that question, the elusive answer to which mankind has pursued since the dawn of time.
It asked me how toothpaste-type people manage to put the toothpaste in the tube, so that it always comes out in neat stripes and not in a horrid squiggly mess.
I consulted my next-door neighbour, whose considered opinion it was that "it's all done by computers, innit?"
Unconvinced, I sought the answer in what has become the bible of contemporary intellect, culture and etiquette – the *Bitz Book Of Life*. Imagine my horror when – spook upon spook – no reference was made to this, possibly the last remaining true mystery of our time. Is it destined to dwell throughout all eternity on the top shelf of life (next to pervy mags), continually confounding the efforts of all those who stand on tip-toe and strive to grasp its inner complexities?
Though this problem (of colossal enormity and consequence, I hasten to add) remains unsolved, one clear fact emerges:- Life, like Rock'n'Roll, is a "bizarre paradox", n'est-ce pas?
Nuclear-Free Nicky (Founder member, the Guisborough Soul Patrol).

I fear that too much sun upon the paradisical Sri Lankan shores has addled your brains somewhat. For one thing, I don't know where you've been buying your toothpaste but *I* have never come across a brand that came out in these "neat stripes" of yours. In fact I always seem to end up with a "horrid squiggly mess" and most of it falls off the brush anyway and just sort of sits there in the cracks in the tiles until I can be bothered to get a mop and bucket, which isn't particularly often. For another thing, your "mystery" is really quite trivial when held up against the *true* imponderables of our merry little planet. Like what IS the IQ of Bruce Forsyth or has there ever, in the history of *anything*, been quite such an extravagance as the tedious so-called score board on that hugely artistic television extravaganza *New Faces*? Or why hasn't Captain Birds Eye been sent to prison for a very long time indeed yet? Or what is Bobby Davro? Shall we ever know the answers? I rather think not. Ave Maria!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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Touch touch touch touch touch touch touch touch ● You say you're going through a change yeah/Every day it seems your life is up and down/And you say that you're looking for an answer/Everywhere you look it seems it can't be found/Like searching trying to find a rainbow/No one's ever found the treasures told to be/But if you're looking for a lover/Everything you need you can find right here in me ● I've got the Midas touch/Everything I touch turns to gold ah sugar/I've got the Midas touch/Baby let me touch your body and your soul ● Now you've been trapped by love/Someone breaks your heart and then he says goodbye/So you say that you'll never love another/Tired of playing games and that's the reason why/But now whenever we're together/There's a certain feeling that we both agree/And it's time that you opened up the love/'Cause if you don't ever try then baby you may never see ● I've got the Midas touch/Everything I touch turns to gold yeah darling/I've got the Midas touch/Let me touch your body and your soul ● Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh ● 'Cause baby you and I were meant to be/I'll be right beside you whenever you need me/'Cause what we have will never fade away/You can count on me 'cause I'm here to stay ● I've got the Midas touch/Everything I touch turns to gold yeah darling/I've got the Midas touch/Let me touch your body and your soul/Would you do that for me ● I've got the Midas touch/Midas Midas M-Midas Midas/Midas (touch touch) Midas (touch touch)/Midas (touch touch) Midas Midas ● 'Cause baby you and I were meant to be/I'll be right beside you whenever you need me/'Cause what we have will never fade away/You can count on me 'cause I'm here to stay ● I've got the Midas touch/Everything I touch turns to gold/It's all in my hands/I've got the Midas touch/Let me touch your body and your soul/I've got the Midas touch/Everything I touch turns to gold/(Turns to gold)/Yeah darling (yeah darling)/I've got the Midas touch/The Midas touch/The Midas touch/The Midas touch ●

Words and music by B. Watson/J. Watson Williams/Reproduced by permission Chappell Music Ltd/On MCA Records

david sylvian

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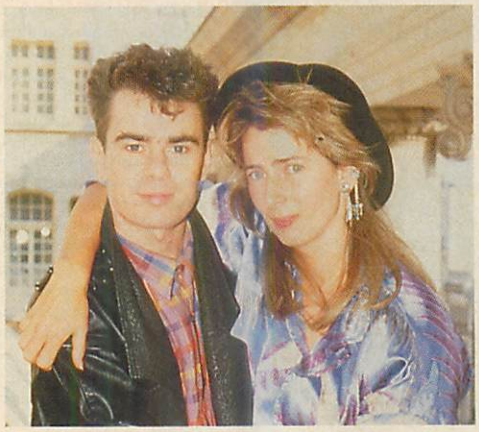

Who do? Why **Nik and Sheri Kershaw**, of course. They're *horribly* normal, they insist. So why, then, does Nik only watch television programmes featuring people with parrots on their heads and want to be called a lemon meringue pie (or something)? **Chris Heath** is "flummoxed"...

This is *very* cosy. Here we are on the fourth floor of an extremely plush office block overlooking London's Oxford Street – just me and Nik Kershaw. Sheri, Nik's wife, is in the kitchen making some tea and Nik is busy apologising for the sunglasses he wore while recording the anti-heroin record the other weekend. His reason, of course, was that his eyes were bruised after making a hash of scuba diving on his recent holiday in Barbados, but he's *horrified* that people might think it's some new "super-cool" image of his. "Very embarrassing," he mutters, apologising again for what he calls the glasses' "high pose factor".

"It was the first holiday me and Sheri have ever had," he reveals. "Scuba diving's like flying. If you get all your weights and pressures right – which I didn't at first – you don't feel like you've got contact with anything. You can't see the surface and the fish just swim around you. It's a different world. We saw barracuda... octopuses... or is that octopi?..."

Sadly, we will never know because we are interrupted by Sheri who pours the tea and sits down next to Nik.

"Thanks babe," he says and starts explaining exactly what happened to him after he released his last single, "When A Heart Beats", last autumn which didn't do, er, very well...

"It was crazy to release a record then," he now says. "I'm still very proud of it but it's not a pop record. I was also going to record the new album at the beginning of the year but just before going into the studio I played myself the demos (*rough recordings of the songs*) and just decided that they weren't good enough..."

"They were quite good actually," interrupts Sheri.

"Shut up," snaps Nik, a touch embarrassed. "They were *alright* but I was repeating myself." So, instead of recording the LP, he locked himself away at home for a couple of months "and got my head together, maaan". The result is his new LP, "Radio Musicola", which Nik is extremely chuffed with, even though he's such a fusspot that, given the chance, he says he'd probably start all over again. "If someone gave me another six months," he explains, "I'd scrap about half of it because I get bored very quickly."

Sitting in studios and writing songs is, after all, the reason why Nik Kershaw bothers with all this anyway. When you ask him if being a pop star has turned out to be as much fun as he expected, he simply looks rather confused. "It never occurred to me it was going to be *fun*," he says, sounding rather puzzled. "I just wanted to make a living doing music." And if anything, his couple of years of success have made him even *less* keen on fame than before.

"Like a lot of artists," he says, "I'd really like to write and record an album and then disappear and let someone else mime and look an idiot on *Top Of The Pops*."

He sighs because he knows that'll never happen, though at least the worst effects of being famous have died away after all this time out of the public eye.

"Sheri and I have just been shopping down Oxford Street and I didn't get too much aggro at all, just the odd vague glance," he says with relief. "A year ago I wouldn't have *dared* to go out shopping without a minder."

Sheri, it seems, doesn't have too high a regard for the wonderful world of pop "stardom" either. "It amazes me some of the things people say and do in this business. It amazes me how many people are what I'd consider completely screwy. I mean," she fumes, her hackles rising, "people talk about us (*i.e. her and Nik*) going off together as if it wasn't *normal*! I look at them and *their* idea of 'normal' when it comes to a pop star is *ridiculous*! All pop stars are supposed to love being adored and want all those women around going '*hoooooooooooooo*!'. The whole business is *based* on that – it's *sold* on sex for men and women."

Nik nods his head. The reason people think *he's* odd, he reckons, is because he isn't odd at all. "What a horrible thing to be normal," he laughs. "There must be something really wrong with me."

And it's not just pop stars' *antics* that he disapproves of. He's not that keen on most of their music either.

"I think pop's in a pretty sorry state at the moment," he moans sadly, "with your Samantha Foxes. Not that I'm shocked that people buy Samantha Fox records, I *expect* it – after all people buy the *Sun*, don't they? I don't think it's surprising, I just think it's a bit *sad*."

In fact, it's not even just pop music that he and Sheri think has gone right down the dumper. He draws an even deeper sigh at the mention of television. "It's *terrible* at the moment."

Is there *nothing* they like?

"We're both cynics," he frowns. "The world's full of crap at the moment. There's just a few isolated pockets of genius but..." Oh dear. He does look a bit glum about everything. Let's try and find out what's wrong with some of this "crap". Why, pray, does he not like *EastEnders*?

"I've never watched *EastEnders*, to be honest," he says, proceeding to show a fairly intimate knowledge of the cast anyway. "We're out of the country too much – one moment you think 'what's happening to Dirty Den?' and the next he's become a transvestite and he's working in a chip shop..."

Or something like that.

"What's that programme you *love*?" pipes Sheri all of a sudden. She then spends about five minutes trying to describe it to him. He just looks puzzled.

"We're always having conversations like this," he apologises. "Like 'you know that guy with a parrot on his head?'." Eventually they decide they're talking about *Auf Wiedersehen Pet*, Nik apparently being especially keen on "that bloke with the good voice" i.e. Jimmy Nail. But apart from watching that, the two of them look rather blank when asked what else they do apart from making music.

"We eat meals at regular times," offers Sheri hopefully.

"We have picnics in the garden," suggests Nik eventually, explaining that they "don't have time" to go picnicking in the countryside with his nice smart BMW car. And apart from *that*? Not much, it seems. They don't throw crockery at each other ("we throw frisbees," says Sheri) and they can't see themselves having any little Kershaws just yet. For one thing they can't face the thought of nappies.

"I have enough trouble with our cat," says Nik, explaining that their "Toby" was a stray found by a friend which they were forcibly "persuaded" to adopt. "When it rains," Nik frowns, "it leaves little messes in the kitchen." Still, he'd rather put up with that than with people trying to make him into a proper "pop star". He even winces at the term.

"People can call me a pop star if they like, I suppose," he says uncomfortably. "It won't make a lot of difference to me. They can call me a lemon meringue pie for all I care."

NOBODY KNOWS

I thought I heard
A lover's sigh
It wasn't very loud
It came when I
Was passing by
Somebody else's cloud

Her curtains were
The finest lace
And when the night winds blew
I saw the dew
Upon her face
And other places too

CHORUS

Nobody knows
What you do to me
And nobody's past
Is history
But the thing
They should know
Seems to be
That it's
Nobody's business at all

REPEAT CHORUS

I took a walk
Down lover's lane
A quick call to the boss
And yet again
It seems my gain
Is somebody else's loss

Automobilia
Nowhere steer
My camera standing by
I wait for
Evening mists to clear
So I can find out why

REPEAT CHORUS

Nobody knows
Nobody's business at all

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

Words and music
by Nik Kershaw
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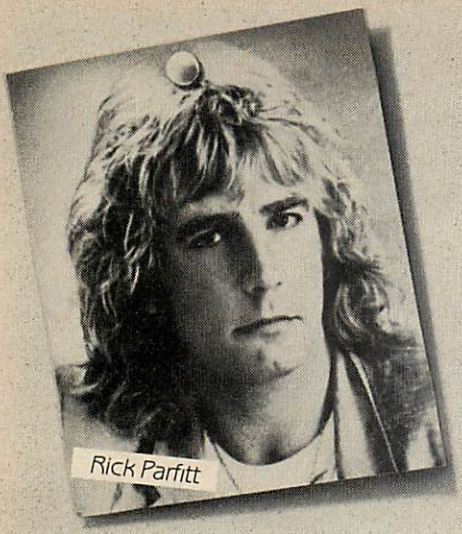
Rondor Music (London)/MAMAL
On MCA Records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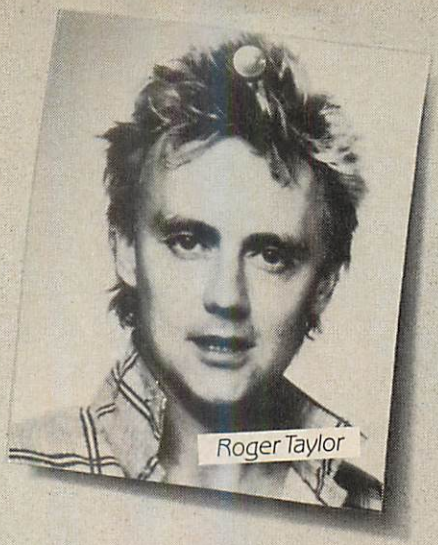
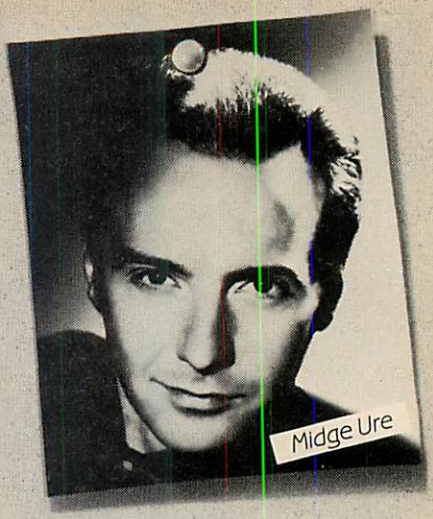
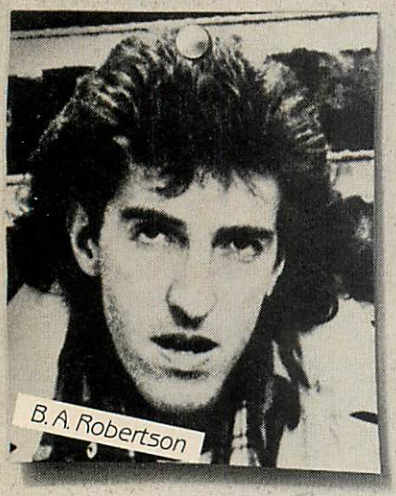

Roger Taylor


Midge Ure


B. A. Robertson

Meet a few of our past examiners.

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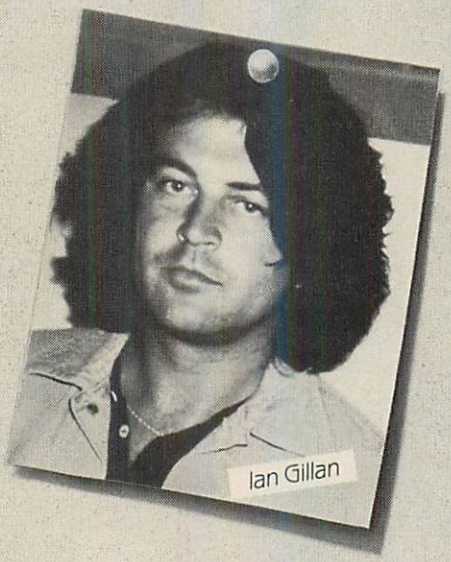
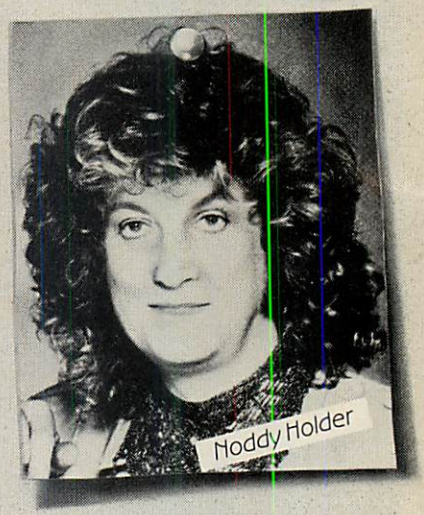
Barbara Dickson


Ian Gillan


Noddy Holder

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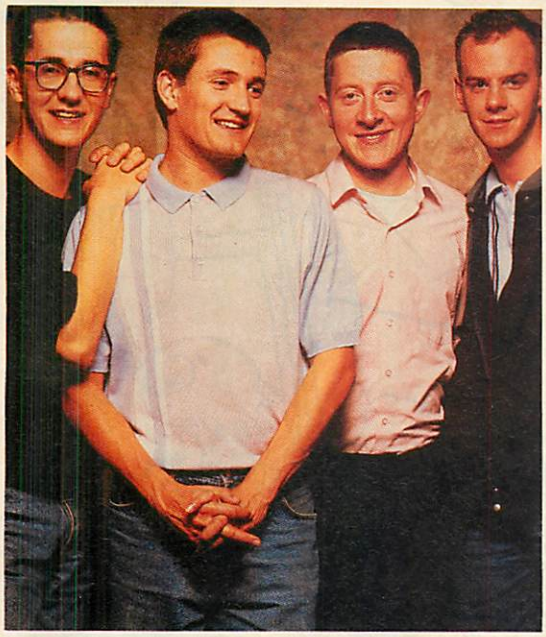

Photo: Paul Cox

THE HOUSEMARTINS

THINK FOR A MINUTE

Something's going on change is taking place
Children smiling in the street have gone without a trace
This street used to be full it used to make me smile
Now it seems that everyone is walking single file

And many bow their heads in shame that used to hold them high
And those that used to say hello simply pass you by

Chorus
Think for a minute (think for a minute)
Stop for a minute (stop for a minute)
Think for a minute (think for a minute)
Stop for a minute (stop for a minute)

I always said it could they never thought it would
The people look so pitiful I'm thinking that it should
And now it's almost here now it's on its way
I can't help saying 'I told you so' and 'have a nice final day'

'Cause nothing I could say could ever make them see the light
Now apathy is happy that it won without a fight

Repeat chorus
(Aaaah)

And many bow their heads in shame that used to hold them high
(Think for a minute stop for a minute)
And those that used to say hello simply pass you by
(Think for a minute stop for a minute)

Think for a minute stop for a minute
Think for a minute stop for a minute

Oh yeah aah haa
Ooh ooh ooh ooh

Words and music by Heaton/Cullimore
Reproduced by permission Go! Discs Music
On Go! Discs

ZZ TOP

VELCRO FLY

Hey look at the hooks
On your pants
Makes you wanna dance

Chorus
I say yeah yeah
I say yeah yeah
There ain't never a catch
All you got to do is snatch
Do the velcro fly
Do the velcro fly

You need just enough
Of that sticky stuff
To hold the seams
Of your fine blue jeans

Repeat chorus

Well it feels so right
When you squeeze it tight
When you reach the end
Do it over again

Repeat chorus

Hey look at the hooks
On your pants
Makes you wanna dance

Repeat chorus

Woa yeah

Words and music by
Beard/Hill/Gibbons
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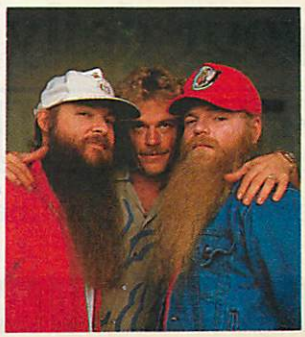
Warner Brothers Music
On Warner Brothers Records



Paul Rain

NEW ORDER

Pictorial Press

STATE OF THE NATION

You can walk or you can run
You don't have to be someone
I went on a summer cruise
Upon an ocean born to lose

My brother said that he was dead
I saw his face and shook my head
Can you see where we can be
We're losing our blood in the sea

'Cause it's the state of the nation
(State of the nation)
It's holding our salvation
Yes it's the state of the nation
(State of the nation)
That's holding our salvation
Oh the state of the nation
(State of the nation)
It's causing death inflation
Oh the state of the nation
(State of the nation)
It's causing death inflation

From my home I travel far
I drove in my stolen car
When it broke down
I kissed the ground
'Cause I don't kiss
When you're around

I don't find that I have been
The portrait of an only son
If that's the case then who could tell
When my story had begun

'Cause it's the state of the nation
(State of the nation)
That's holding our salvation
Yes it's the state of the nation
(State of the nation)
That's holding our salvation
Yes it's the state of the nation
(State of the nation)
That's causing death inflation
Oh it's the state of the nation
(State of the nation)
That's causing death inflation

State of the nation
Repeat seven times

Words and music by New Order
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Bemusic/Warner Brothers Music
On Factory Records

CAPRICORN (Dec 23-Jan 20)
0898 300 301

AQUARIUS (Jan 21-Feb 19)
0898 300 302

PISCES (Feb 20-Mar 20)
0898 300 303

ARIES (Mar 21-Apr 20)
0898 300 304

TAURUS (Apr 21-May 20)
0898 300 305

GEMINI (May 21-Jun 21)
0898 300 306

CANCER (Jun 22-Jul 23)
0898 300 307

LEO (Jul 24-Aug 23)
0898 300 308

VIRGO (Aug 24-Sep 23)
0898 300 309

LIBRA (Sep 24-Oct 22)
0898 300 310

SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 22)
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SAGITTARIUS (Nov 23-Dec 22)
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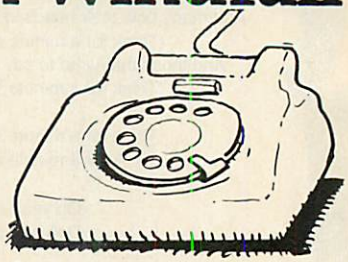
You will receive a sudden windfall

(Don't let it go to your head)

Phone your daily horoscope.



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★STAR TEASER

● All the names on the right are hidden in the diagram. They could run horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Some run backwards. But remember that the words are all in an uninterrupted straight line whichever way they run.

D	L	E	I	F	E	L	T	T	A	B	A	S	I	E	V	O	L
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L	L	E	M	N	O	S	D	N	A	H	R	U	O	Y	Y	A	L

- LADY IN RED
- LA FOLIE
- LAMENT
- LAST CHRISTMAS
- LAST FILM
- LAST KISS
- LATELY
- LAVENDER
- LAY YOUR HANDS ON ME
- LEAVE IN SILENCE
- LEAVING ME NOW
- LEGS
- LESSONS IN LOVE
- LET ME BE THE ONE
- LET'S DANCE
- LET'S GET IT UP
- LET'S GO ALL THE WAY
- LIFE IN A NORTHERN TOWN
- LIFE IN ONE DAY
- LIFELINE
- LIKE A VIRGIN
- LIVE TO TELL
- LIVING DOLL
- LIVING IN AMERCIA
- LOOK AWAY
- LOOK MAMA
- LOST IN MUSIC
- LOUISE
- LOVE ACTION
- LOVE AND PRIDE
- LOVE CAN'T TURN AROUND
- LOVE COMES QUICKLY
- LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD
- LOVE PLUS ONE
- LOVE WARS
- LOVING THE ALIEN

● Eyes right for the answers . . . but not until you've finished!

SMASH HITS

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PUZZLE ANSWERS

PRIZE CROSSWORD

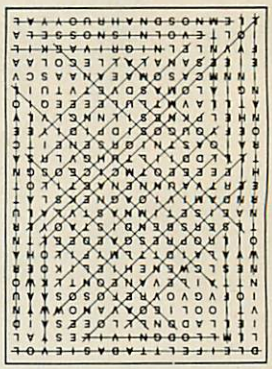
Number 13 (September 10)
● The winner is Tony Crowther from Harrogate. Super!

Number 14 (September "24")
● The winner will be announced in the next issue. The answers, however, are snootling round below.

ACROSS: 1 Anita Dobson; 6 (Jes) USA (nd Mary Chain); 8 "Beat It"; 9 ("Hammer) To Fall"; 10 Notes; 11 "(Phantom Of The) Opera"; 13 plus 20 and 16 "Taste Of Your Tears"; 15 *Lou (Grant)*: 17 (Art Of) Noise; 18 Pleasure (dome); 21 "(Life) In One (Day)"; 24 (Phyllis) Nelson; 26 "(Rebel) Yell"; 27 CBS; 28 "Nellie (The Elephant)"; 29 "Easier (Said Than Done)"

DOWN: 1 plus 4 and 12 "Ain't Nothin' Goin' On But The Rent"; 2 It Bites; 3 (Bryan) Adams; 5 (Gary) Numan; 7 *(Open) All Hours*; 14 "(Goody) Two Shoes"; 15 (Human) League; 18 Prince; 19 "Eloise"; 22 "(We Close Our) Eyes"; 23 "Blue (Monday)"; 25 Lol (lipop)

STAR TEASER



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REVIEW
SINGLES

REVIEWED BY GARY AND

Left to right: Gary and Martin Kemp

MARTIN KEMP OF SPANDAU BALLET

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE: C'mon Every Beatbox (CBS)
Gary: When it started I thought it was just going to be Mick Jones trying to impersonate a hip hop record but it turned into a good rock song. I like B.A.D. – they take the idea of American street hip hop garage music and try to make it very English.
Martin: I really like it, though it's a shame that Sigue Sigue Sputnik didn't go in this direction as they could probably make it a bit more catchy and commercial. This lacks an edge.

THE POLICE: Don't Stand So Close To Me '86 Version (A&M)
Gary: It's the best production they've ever had but it's ruined the spontaneity. They've destroyed the melody and thrown away the song – it's a really self-indulgent thing to do. Sting sounds like a parody of himself and the song sounds like a *Not The Nine O'Clock News* parody of a Police song. Another thing that irritates me is that it's typical of Sting, because he's well read, to put something pretentious like "Nabokov" (*famous novelist who wrote* Lolita, *a "steamy" "classic"*) in the lyrics. Maybe they did the record because Sting feels the others need a bob or two in the bank.
Martin: They've taken all the guts out of it. It's the sort of thing we do to our songs in rehearsals but we'd never think of recording them.

SINITTA: Feels Like The First Time (Fanfare)
Gary: I hate this sort of record, I really do. The producer does the drum machine and the synths the day before and then the singer does her bit – it takes the human element out. I like people like Cameo – they're a *real* band – but this is pure production-line soul. I couldn't say whether it's Five Star or even Madonna.
Martin: Five Star are better than *that*...
Gary: I can't *stand* Five Star. It's a matter of taste and I don't think these records have any. "So Macho" was even *worse*.
Martin: That was *brilliant* in gay discos and things. Do *I* go to many gay discos? Er... no.

STAN RIDGWAY: The Big Heat (IRS)
Martin: I don't like it – it's not groovy enough. It's not nearly as good as "Marine" or "Camouflage" or whatever it was called.
Gary: I like it. I used to like his old band, Wall Of Voodoo – "Mexican Radio" is one of my favourite records. These lyrics are brilliantly cinematic and I like the idea of a song about *The Big Heat* (*ancient Humphrey Bogart film*), about this sort of private investigator, a parody of something typically American.

ELTON JOHN: Heartache All Over The World (Rocket)
Martin: Really stodgy. It's a shame because he can write brilliant songs – this one needs to go on a diet. I still like him though – at rehearsals we always jam Elton John songs like "Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting".
Gary: Some of the lyrics – euuurgghhh! "*She's got lipstick on his collar/She's got fishnets on her legs*"! I think he's tried to make a very happy song and it's come out a bit twee. I hate to slag him off because we've met him a lot of times and he's a really genuine bloke; I'm sure he's going to write another twenty songs I *do* like before his career ends. There you are – that's Elton put to bed, isn't it?

MARK KNOPFLER: Going Home (Vertigo)
Martin: The best instrumental I've heard for years.
Gary: I liked it better when it was in the film *Local Hero* – it's being used everywhere – the Commonwealth Games, that Royal Family programme on TV and now this yacht *(it's the official theme music for the 1987 British challenge for the America's Cup)* has it. Mark Knopfler's obviously raking in the dough – as if he *needs* it!

THE SOUP DRAGONS: Whole Wide World (Subway)
Martin: That's the worst so far.
Gary: I hate groups that try to be twee and preppie like The Housemartins. This sounds just like The Buzzcocks and I used to like them but this is a load of crap. I don't care if they're "politically sound" – they've got that stupid happy-go-lucky look; it reminds me of Timmy Mallett – big red glasses and a bow tie.
Martin: They're like a sixth form pop group.
Gary: They wouldn't even *make* the sixth form...

THE WOODENTOPS: Love Affair With Everyday Living (Rough Trade)
Gary: I like the fact that they've made an acoustic guitar sound aggressive – as if he's smashing it – but it just doesn't touch me in any way. I can't even find anything derogatory to say about it – except about their name.
Martin: I don't think people mind what bands are called – unless it's Prefab Sprout, that is.

BON JOVI: Living On A Prayer (Phonogram)
Martin: It's good but it's lacking a bit in the song.
Gary: It's not exactly, er, twee, is it? If John Keeble our drummer was doing this he'd give it ten out of ten because he's a metal merchant. I like Bon Jovi too because this is quite original as metal records go, what with that Art Of Noise voice sound doing the bass. I don't like the *Spandex* trousers but the music is big and exciting.

MODERN TALKING: Atlantis Is Calling (SOS For Love) (RCA)
Gary: People buy this because they've heard it on holiday and want it to remind them of the bloke they met. It's rubbish. We meet these groups in Europe – they're always covered in thick make-up and have blue contact lenses. The appeal? I suppose it's the simplicity and the fact that the hookline is '*woah woah woah*' so that you can sing it even if you're Danish or German.

CLIFF RICHARD AND SARAH BRIGHTMAN: All I Ask Of You (Polydor)
Martin: Sarah Brightman did that "I Fell In Love With A Starship Trooper" with Hot Gossip years ago, didn't she? I used to love that – it was the best song ever. This one? I'd definitely change radio stations if it came on. I couldn't sit through *that* again!
Gary: Not the most "subversive" record, is it? It's so syrupy, it's really nauseating. I've never been a lover of Cliff's and really, they're two of the most insipid people in music. I think it's rubbish.

THE PRETENDERS: Don't Get Me Wrong (Real)
Gary: Disappointing. I was really looking forward to hearing this – she's the best woman in rock'n'roll: a fantastic voice, a great guitar player and she writes good songs.
Martin: It's poor for a Pretenders record. I love her voice though. At the Bob Geldof wedding she got up and sang some old rock'n'roll songs and it really made your ears prick up.

ARETHA FRANKLIN: Jumpin' Jack Flash (Arista)
Gary: Absolutely brilliant. I love it.
Martin: I love the raunchiness. It's the only record we've had today that's got real guts. It's as good as the original (*by The Rolling Stones*).
Gary: The funny thing is that Aretha Franklin and Keith Richards (the Rolling Stones' guitarist who "guests" on this version) are two of the oldest people in the business – both over 40 – but they haven't gone into the Lionel Richie syndrome of post-30s-Terry-Wogan-nice-showbiz-personality people. I'll play this more than any of the other records this fortnight.

HEAVEN 17: Contenders (Virgin)
Martin: Will this rescue them from the dumper? I don't think so. There's not much of a melody.
Gary: I like his almost monologue very English Michael Caine-type vocal – he sings like he's wearing a three-piece suit. But once you've heard the first verse you've heard the whole song. I suppose we'd better put on Marc Almond now. I hate this record already and I haven't even heard it yet.

MARC ALMOND: Ruby Red (Virgin)
Gary: I can honestly say that I *hate* Marc Almond. He's a completely talentless person. This is rubbish. He can't sing in tune, the lyrics are chronic and he gives being camp a bad name – there's nothing wrong with being camp but he's *sickeningly* camp whereas Boy George is *brilliantly* camp. I'm never sure whether he's serious or not. The funniest thing was when he was in Soft Cell with that bus conductor-type person playing keyboards and he used to dress up – he's a bit too small in body for all that macho leather stuff. This isn't the worst song he's done though – at least it's got a chorus.
Martin: It's crap.

RED BOX: For America (Sire)
Martin: It's like "Tantalise" by Jimmy The Hoover.
Gary: I can't hear whether they're being cynical about singing "for America" or whether they really mean it – if they mean it then it's very politically unsound. It's a sort of Euro-swingbeat with bits of Dexy's Midnight Runners and children singing 'hooraye ahoopaye'. A bit folky at times. Is that the last one? Thank God. There are so many rubbish records, aren't there?

GARY KEMP'S SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

IT'S IMMATERIAL: Space (Siren)

Gary: It's great to write a song about "space" – it's an unusual subject and they've done it in a really novel way. It's almost sad at times – especially if you live in a built up city. The song's got that Talking Heads/ David Byrne sound which I like. I think they're one of the best new English groups around because they've got *intelligence* and this is the best new song and the most original lyrics I've heard in a long time.
Martin: It's got a good groove but I'm not very keen on it. I preferred "Driving Away From Home".

MARTIN KEMP'S SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

LIONEL RICHIE: Love Will Conquer All (Motown)

Martin: It's the best song we've heard today and I think it'll be number one. It's the only one that's got it dead right – it's a good production, a good song that you can sing and everything else.
Gary: He's like a black Cliff Richard. I find him nauseating. He's like Mr Pop in America and they always drag him on those award programmes gushing tears. I just find him a bit transparent. At least this is a bit different for him – usually every slow song he writes sounds like The Commodores' "Easy".

REVIEW
FILM

SHANGHAI SURPRISE (15) 96 mins

Life must be difficult for Madonna at the moment. All the "news"papers ever seem to do these days is have a go at her and Sean Penn for biffing photographers and being a bit snooty, so it's no surprise that the American media have been extremely nasty about the couple's first film together. They've said it's a useless flop. They've said it's so bad that it wasn't even shown to the critics, opened in small towns over a holiday weekend and hardly made any money at all. They've said Madonna and Sean Penn were so embarrassed that they had their photo removed from the cover of the paperback "novelisation". They've even said Madonna can't act for toffee.

And the truth? They're wrong (sort of). The film is *littered* with good bits. It's really "steamy" when Madonna wraps Sean Penn around her little finger, managing to be extremely tantalising and "provocative" even though she's playing a prim missionary. It's really funny when she falls out of a window and lands in a pile of duck's poo. And it's really stunning to watch, since it's excellently filmed and the clothes and locations look brilliant.

Of course, there are a *few* stumbling blocks. For one thing George Harrison's songs on the soundtrack are dreadful – if only Madonna had done them. For another not only does Madonna's character have the totally preposterous name of Gloria Tatlock, but Sean Penn's has the *even* more ludicrous one of Glendon Wasey. And who would *really* believe that a missionary and a salesman could outwit a bunch of double-crossing baddies and find a cache of hidden opium in order to help wounded soldiers during the Japanese occupation of China in 1937?

But it doesn't really matter. Even if overall the attempt to make *Shanghai Surprise* like a 1930s comedy film doesn't work, because the pacing is so sluggish and the slapstick so useless, there's still quite enough of worth here to make all Madonna's fans rush out to see it – and enjoy it. Even if, sadly, it's not a patch on the merriment of *Desperately Seeking Susan*.

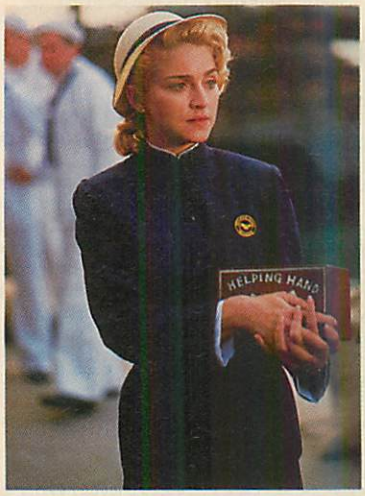
David Keeps

▲ Madonna and Sean Penn rowing back from a big boat in Shanghai harbour where they've been looking for some opium.

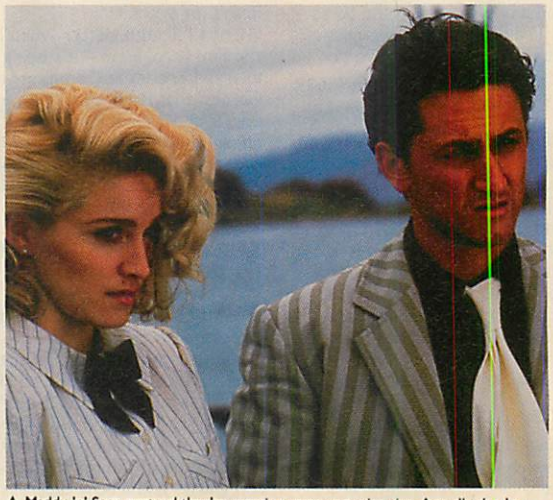
▲ Madonna and Sean Penn pretending to be some laundry (actually, they've just been double-crossed by the "baddy", Faraday, while looking for some opium).

▲ Madonna and Sean Penn pretend to be some statues in a fountain (actually, they've just been thrown in a cesspit by another dastardly baddy while looking for some, erm, opium).

▲ Madonna pretends not to be annoyed as Sean Penn "talks" to some Chinese girls when he *should* be looking for some opium.



▲ Madonna pretends to be a "missionary" (not v. convincing, actually).

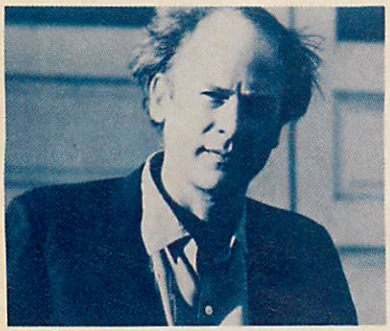


▲ Maddy 'n' Sean pretend they're wearing some very nice ties. Actually they're not, but they *are* looking for some opium!

▲ Madonna and Sean "Penn" having high "jinks" on a rickshaw while looking for some opium.

▲ Madonna induces a nose-squeezing fit in some Chinese ladies by taking her clothes off (actually she's cleaning off the smelly cesspit "gunge" in a "communal" steam bath).

GOOD TO GO
(15, 89 mins)



▲ Art Garfunkel, who, if he is to be believed, has "always been a bum"! Would you credit it?

▲ Art and Little Beats (in the red sun bonnet) have a discussion about how absolutely thrilling Go-Go music is whilst everyone else makes a horrible racket.

▲ A Go-Go fan tunes into Radio 4 to catch the shipping forecast on his ghetto "blaster".

Good To Go is a film about the relentless percussive beat of Washington DC's Go-Go music "scene". It's not some dodgy "rockumentary" though; instead it's a slightly pathetic attempt at a Go-Go thriller. It "stars" the rather unattractive Art Garfunkel (who used to be half of v. successful singing duo Simon and Garfunkel), as a lazy, alcoholic has-been journalist who wears horrid knitted ties and says things like "I've always been a bum".

One day Art discovers an amazing new beat on ver streets which is driving those Washington kids crazy. It's. . . Go-Go music, a sort of cross between hip hop and James Brown-style funk held together with thundering, throbbing zulu drums. Art is very excited about this discovery (you can tell by the way his voice never wavers above a barely audible monotonous drawl). He also discovers a rather doomy side to the "scene"; it's a little bit violent. The ensuing sub-plot involving an aspiring Go-Go drummer called Little Beats is weak to say the least, and the "action" and "suspense" are about as gripping as an episode of *Juliet Bravo*. Worst of all, though, the director – Don Letts of Big Audio Dynamite fame – has somehow managed to make the *real* stars of the film, the awesome Trouble Funk, seem a little bit dull. The live "spontaneous" concerts look under-attended, over-choreographed and stiff. *Good To Go*, sadly, isn't very good at *all*.

Simon Mills

TOP GUN
(15, 110 minutes)

In America, *Top Gun* has been phenomenally successful and its lead actor, Tom Cruise, has become a superstar "overnight", not to mention something of a heart-throb. And a large part of *Top Gun*'s appeal is certainly due to his cheeky good-looking features and impressive bare torso – both of which are paraded incessantly throughout the film.

Good thing too, because the story itself really isn't up to much. "Top Gun" is (in real life as well as in the film) the name given to The U.S. Navy Fighter Weapons School, where America trains its very best combat pilots. Maverick (Tom Cruise) is taken on as one of a group of new recruits, most of whom – surprise surprise – are also stunningly good-looking and have equally impressive torsos. They're all competing to become "Top Gun" – i.e. to graduate as top in their class – so most of the film is taken up with endless "action sequences" where planes whizz madly round the sky (not that exciting, really). And in between all the flying, Maverick inevitably goes a bit wibbly about a woman – one of his instructors, Charlie (Kelly McGillis).

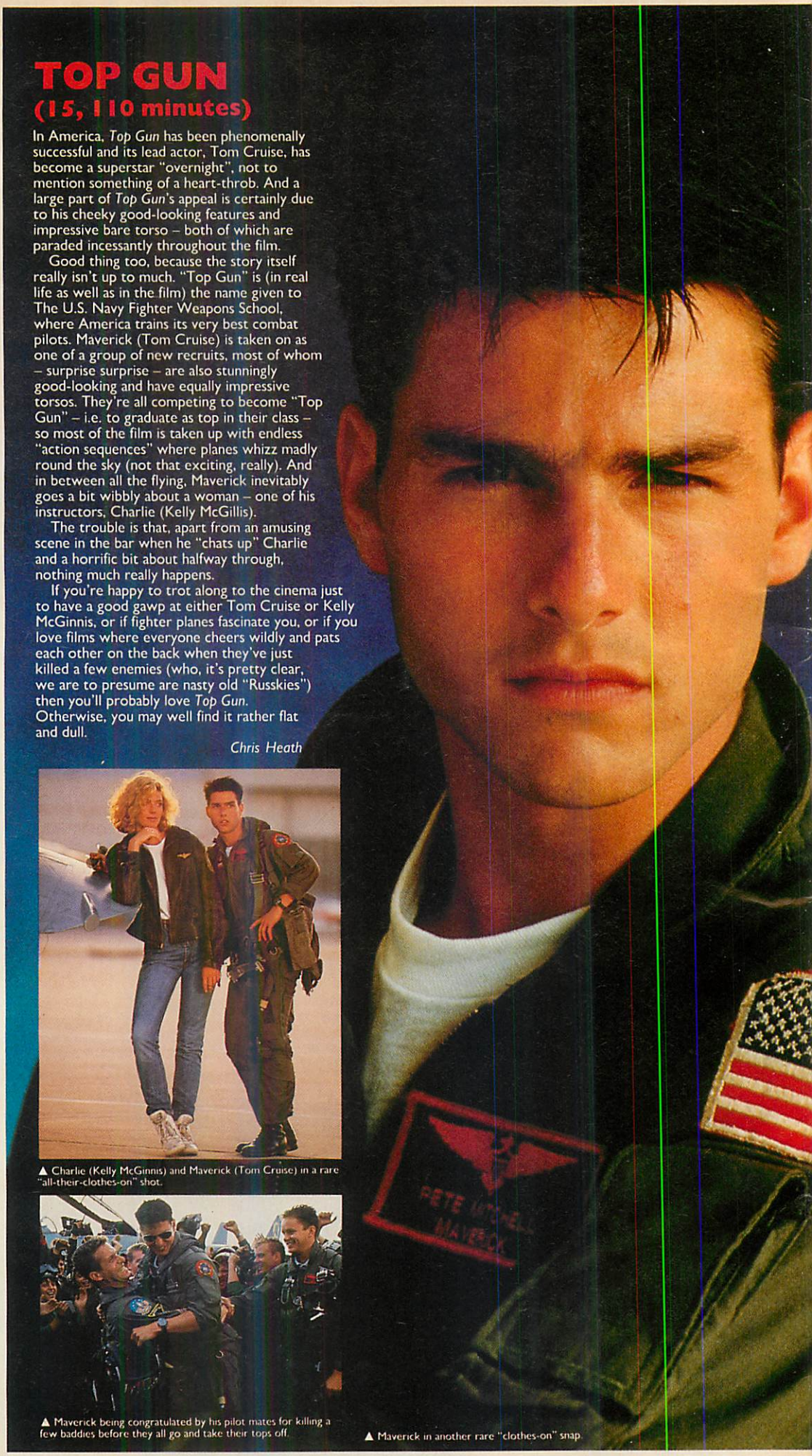
The trouble is that, apart from an amusing scene in the bar when he "chats up" Charlie and a horrific bit about halfway through, nothing much really happens.

If you're happy to trot along to the cinema just to have a good gawp at either Tom Cruise or Kelly McGinnis, or if fighter planes fascinate you, or if you love films where everyone cheers wildly and pats each other on the back when they've just killed a few enemies (who, it's pretty clear, we are to presume are nasty old "Russkies") then you'll probably love *Top Gun*. Otherwise, you may well find it rather flat and dull.

Chris Heath

▲ Charlie (Kelly McGinnis) and Maverick (Tom Cruise) in a rare "all-their-clothes-on" shot.

▲ Maverick being congratulated by his pilot mates for killing a few baddies before they all go and take their tops off.



▲ Maverick in another rare "clothes-on" snap.

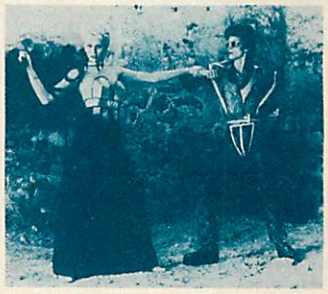
THE BEATLES – A CELEBRATION by Geoffrey Giuliano (Sidgwick & Jackson £14.95)

In the complete and entire history of rock and roll itself there has never, ever been a group which has sent the world quite as potty as John, Paul, George and Ringo. Twenty years ago the world was Beatles *mad*. You couldn't move for Beatles bits and bobs: there were Beatles dolls (with "lifelike" wobbly heads), there were Beatles Colour Cards (which tell you fascinating things like "John Lennon's favourite food is cornflakes"), there was the Beatles Flip Your Wig game, there were even Beatles tights with little Beatles' heads patterns on them. We-e-e-*ird*! For a few years the Beatles seemed to be a global obsession. And even now, after all this time, some people are *still* pretty bonkers about them. Geoffrey Giuliano, the bloke who put this book together, is a complete Beatles fanatic. All these dolls and games and tights and whatnots are from his personal collection of Beatles artefacts. And he's written his version of The Beatles story as well, filled out with his own interviews with just about *anyone* who had anything at all to do with the group, from some bouncer at the club in Liverpool where they used to play in the early days to businessmen who were involved with the Beatles' record company to friends and family like Yoko Ono and Julian Lennon. And because it's quite ridiculous in its scope, covering more or less *everything* from the incredibly trivial to the very personal, it's actually one of the most compulsively fascinating books ever written about The Beatles.

William Shaw

STARDUST: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF DAVID BOWIE by Tony Zanetta and Henry Edwards (Michael Joseph, £7.95)

A bit of bad timing, this. You see it's only a couple of weeks since the last David Bowie biography was released – one called *Alias David Bowie* – and that was supposed to be *the* definitive book about the chap, so it has rather overshadowed this latest book. Actually *Stardust* is a pretty exhaustive account of the Bowie story too; the only problem is that one suspects it doesn't always stick *too* closely to the truth. Bowie is portrayed as this bloke who's constantly bursting into tears whenever people don't treat him as a proper star, who's always trying to wipe out his past by snubbing all his old friends and colleagues and who lives a cocoon-like existence where only a privileged few are ever allowed to talk to him. A case of "spicing up" the story a wee bit, perhaps? Still, it's a good read anyway. (And *Bitz* is giving some copies away on page 8. . .)



▲ David "Bowie" and his ex-wife Angie looking a bit of a state in 1973.

Bob Geldof's brilliant but previously very expensive autobiography, *Is That It?*, is now available in a paperback version published by Penguin at the far more snippish price of £3.95. And it's still *just* as irreverent, sordid, intriguing and interesting as ever. . .

DON JOHNSON by David Hershkovits (Virgin Books, £1.99)

Don Johnson is, of course, the star of *Miami Vice*, the so-called "sexiest man in America" (bleeeeeeerurgh!) and a bit of a recording "artiste" these days as well. And, what's more, if you read between the lines of this new biography you might think he's a bit of a *creep*, too. Why? Because until he became fantastically rich and famous acting the part of Sonny Crocker, he used to spend all his time hanging around with a crowd of famous actors and pop stars in Hollywood, going to lots of parties, drinking *much* too much and posing in very dodgy magazines. And his love life sounds as if it was a bit wayward too – he's been married and divorced *three* times already. And though he's settled down a lot these days and leads a much cleaner life, he still sounds as if he's a bit of a snooty pants. For instance, if fans come up to him and ask him for an autograph he just whips out a card that says "*Sorry, you caught me at an inconvenient moment. . .*", hands it to the fan and then trolls off! *What* a nerve!

REVIEW
CONCERT

CAMEO

HAMMERSMITH ODEON, LONDON. When Cameo fling themselves on stage at a packed Hammersmith Odeon, every single eye is fixed on one spot. And that spot is Larry Blackmon's red plastic cod-piece. In fact, throughout the whole evening it is difficult to concentrate on anything else, what with all the highly camp hip-swivelling he goes in for.

Cod-pieces apart, there are two dodgy things about going to see so-called "funk" bands. One of these is their fondness for all-in-one lycra jump-suits – as demonstrated perfectly by support act Cashflow, who are all wearing particularly nasty pink ones. The other is that they force the audience to shout out their name CASH-*FLOW*! CASH-*FLOW*! CAM-E-*O*! CAM-E-*O!!!* After all, we *are* perfectly well aware of who they are, thank you.

But these things aside, Cameo are superbly entertaining. It just takes them a little time to get round to the funky stuff, that's all. The audience, who all want to dance, have to endure some gruesome "rock'n'roll" guitar, followed by some even more gruesome "rock'n'roll" keyboards from a most un-funksome bloke in a fright-wig. But after a couple of soul numbers, an icky tribute to Bob Marley (*not* a good idea) and a few puffs of dry ice, things start to get moving with some funky tracks from the "Single Life" album.

"Are you ready to PAAAAAAAR-TY?" shouts out Nathan Leftenant (the one with the bald bits and dreadlocks), and the answer is a resounding "Yes, please!!". And as Cameo move onto their hit singles – "She's Strange", "Single Life" and "Word Up" – the audience start to go entirely squiffy. There is much *Yo-oh!*-ing, whistle blowing, horn-honking and rump-swaying. Arm waving is positively encouraged. But there's not quite as much dancing down in the stalls as there is on stage. Cameo have been touring in the States for 10 years – plenty of time to perfect their funny and very energetic dance routines. These involve much hopping on one foot, hopping on the other foot, a kind of wool-weaving motion with clenched fists and Larry Blackmon (who looks like something out of a *Marvel* comic) thrusting his designer underpants in the direction of the audience whilst rolling his eyes throughout. In short, all highly entertaining stuff.

Lola Borg

ALBUMS

CAMEO: Word Up (Club) It's really quite remarkable how, after about 10 albums that weren't even *released* in Britain, American soul group Cameo have become just about the hippest band in the country over the last year. This album is well up to the standard of last year's "Single Life" and while a lot of the second side slips into slightly routine dance music, side one contains two of the most indescribably brilliant songs ever – "Word Up" itself (which sounds good even when you're not looking at Larry Blackmon's red cod-piece) and the more melodic next single, "Candy". **(8 out of 10)**

Chris Heath

RIC OCASEK: This Side Of Paradise (Geffen) Ric Ocasek, leader of the Cars (and the one who looks like an emaciated member of The Ramones), has now released his second solo LP and it sounds exactly like the Cars. Never mind, it's still jolly good – a clever mixture of superior American pop and electronic gadgetry. Actually, it's a bit dreary at first but after a few plays really grows on you. Roland Orzabal puts in a "guest" appearance and, although there are no obvious singles here, it's slick and commercial enough to keep him in *Raybans* for quite a while yet. **(7½ out of 10)**

Simon Braithwaite

HOWARD JONES: One To One (WEA) There are those amongst us who mutter darkly that H. Jones may well be finally dumper-bound: they are, of course, hopelessly wrong. LP number three is easily a match for the first two, plus it's a bit of a step forward too. Yes, Howard's gone all funky. The songs all have a harder, jumpier feel than before, and much of the credit must go to famed producer Arif Mardin who's a bit of an expert at dancefloor records. And the songs? Well, they're still a-brim with wildly dippy why-can't-we-all-be-nice-to-each-other? political sentiments, but then that's Howard for you, isn't it? **(7 out of 10)**

William Shaw

SMILEY CULTURE: Tongue In Cheek (Polydor) There's been a whole new wave of British reggae artists over the last few years led by the likes of Smiley Culture, Maxi Priest and Tippa Irie and, curiously enough, they all used to perform with the same "sound system" when they were in their teens, DJ-ing in dance halls up and down the country. Since then they've all gone off and been successful in their various directions but Smiley Culture's quick fire verbal athletics, leaping from one accent to another while he recounts some bizarre little storyline, make him the most entertaining of the trio. Even so, a whole LP's worth of his songs does get a bit gimmicky after a while. **(6 out of 10)**

William Shaw

IRON MAIDEN: Somewhere In Time (EMI) A rum bunch. Iron Maiden are not concerned with the usual raucous heavy metal topics. Oh no. Instead they sing of Greek mythology ("Alexander The Great"), of loneliness ("Long Distance Runner") and of surrealism ("Deja Vu"). Do not, however, be fooled by this semblance of sensitivity: they *still* sound like head bangers. As with every other Iron Maiden record, their fans will love it and everyone else will ignore it. **(5 out of 10)**

Josephine Hocking

TALKING HEADS: True Stories (EMI) *True Stories* is a yet-to-be released film directed by David Byrne, based on his book about true and bizarre American newspaper cuttings. This isn't a soundtrack album, though; it's a re-recording of songs which, in the film are sung by the actors. Anyway, it's a collection of every type of American music – rhythm and blues, country ballads, gospel choirs and the sing-along pop of "Wild Wild Life." Musically it's not that different from the previous Talking Heads album "Little Creatures", but it's still excellent. **(8 out of 10)**

Simon Braithwaite

THE CHAMELEONS: Strange Times (Geffen) Swirly guitar bands come and swirly guitar bands go, but The Chameleons swirl on – great big huge billowing swirls soaring hither and thither, o'er and under, and a very charming noise *it is* too. However, all those swirls do get a mite overblown at times, especially with grandiose lyrics all about "isolation" and all manner of dodgy concepts (man). Not an "immediate" LP but a fine one nonetheless – and as

A-HA: Scoundrel Days (WEA) Anyone who expects A-ha to fade slowly away after their success over the last year is in for a big surprise if "Scoundrel Days" is anything to go by. As promised, it's much rougher and more ambitious than their first LP, but it's also crammed with even more ridiculously catchy tunes. The most lightweight ones are where Mags, for a change, has written the music – "Cry Wolf", "Looking For The Whales" and "Maybe Maybe"; the last in particular is the sort of annoyingly memorable song that Paul McCartney comes up with every few years and will doubtless be a *massive* hit if it's released as a single. The others are much chunkier – huge sweeping ballads like "Soft Rain Of April" and songs full of layered harmonies like "The Weight Of The Wind". Strangest of all, though, is "Manhattan Skyline" – the sort of "epic" that punk rock was supposed to have done away with which starts in a rather twee manner before becoming all raucous and bizarre. As for the words, if the last album's lyrics were, as Pål has said, a plea for love to his American girlfriend then most of these are about moping that he's thousands of miles away from her – "*oh but how can I sleep with your voice in my head / and an ocean between us*" ("The Swing Of Things"), "*you're probably asleep already / I am wide awake... I'm missing you so much*" ("October"), and so on. How sweet. **(8 out of 10)**

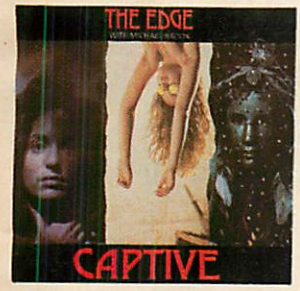
Chris Heath

it says in the sleeve-notes (which include a well-weird doom-poem), "this record was made to be played *loud*". **(6½ out of 10)**

Sylvia Patterson

THE STRANGLERS: Off The Beaten Track (Liberty) Let's face it. If you're a barking mad Stranglers fan you've probably got all these B-sides and "oddities" already and if you're *not* a barking mad Stranglers fan you certainly won't want them. Some of these "rarities" are quite diverting – the early R&B thrash of "Go Buddy Go" and the frenetically punky "Shut Up" (all 66 seconds of it) – but others, the Stranglers' "sheer experiments in sound", are just a load of stupid noise. I am referring to "Love 30" and "Yellowcake UF 6" in particular and I never wish to hear them again. **(6 out of 10)**

Tom Hibbert



THE EDGE: Music From The Film *Captive* (Virgin) If you expect The Edge's first solo album to consist of lots of pounding, bombastic instrumentals – U2 without Bono bellowing on top – you'll be disappointed by this. It is, after all, film music; consequently The Edge turns the volume down and twiddles his fingers gently to produce some beautiful (though rather insubstantial) pieces, helped out by some suitably haunting folky singing from Sinead O'Connor on one song. **(6 out of 10)**

Chris Heath

JAMES BROWN: Gravity (Portrait) The "Godfather" of "Soul" must have seen countless writers and producers come and go during his 58 years, and this time it's the turn of Dan Hartman. Dan has lovingly gathered together some of James Brown's favourite trademarks – the springy guitar, the brassy punchy rhythms – pressed the "double-spin hot wash" program and presto! Lots of highly polished disco soul during which JB can let loose his joyful, throaty squawks to his heart's content. Not that you'd call songs like "Living In America" and "Gravity" *classics* exactly, but it's confident, energetic, highly danceable and a lot of fun. And sometimes that's enough. **(7½ out of 10)**

Ian Cranna

THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS: Happy Head (Blue Guitar) People always point out three things when they mention The Mighty Lemon Drops: firstly that they're one of the best new groups around; secondly that their jangling guitars and repetitive tunes sound almost *identical* to Echo And The Bunnymen on their first album, "Crocodiles"; and thirdly that they've got a very silly name. And all three are absolutely true. **(7 out of 10)**

Chris Heath

NEW MODEL ARMY: The Ghost Of Cain (EMI) New Model Army sound very much like the Alarm; they have a "live", rocky feel and a tendency towards overblown "poetic" lyrics (i.e. "darkening, thundering, towering skies"), but take a much more political stance – explicitly anti-nuclear and anti-American. Some groups manage to mix *pop* music and politics – New Model Army don't. Even if you share their political views, a whole album full of their what-a-mess-we're-making-of-the-world sentiments is just too depressing to take. **(4 out of 10)**

Colette Campbell

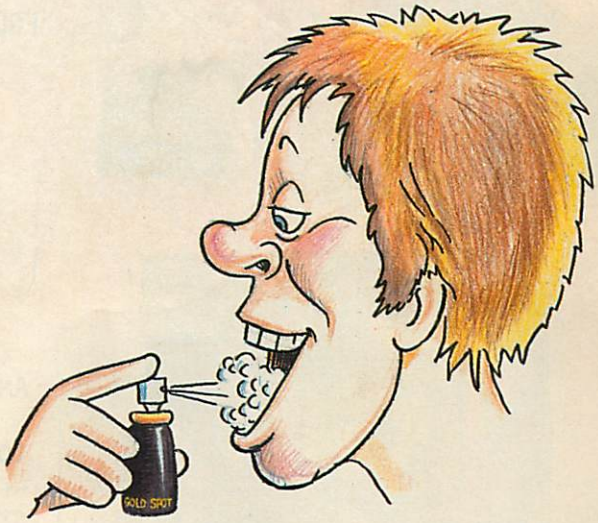
CYNDI LAUPER: True Colours (Portrait) There are certain snidey sections of the *Smash Hits* "office" who sniff that Cyndi Lauper has got an "annoying" voice. But I know better. And that's why I shall say a merry "big deal" to those who point out that these songs aren't quite as appealingly poppy as before; cock a snook at the boring old purists who stand aghast at her brave "medley" of Marvin Gaye's "What's Going On?" and the "Iko Iko" nursery rhyme; shrug a nonchalant "so what?" at the fact that the rhythms are a bit more heavy-handed than is strictly desirable; and just rejoice in that glorious unchained voice a-cooing and a-wailing and a-generally-sweeping-all-before-it in a wondrous tidal wave of passion. Viva Cyndi! (*You are completely mad – "Ed".*) **(8½ out of 10)**

Ian Cranna

FREDDIE JACKSON: Just Like The First Time (Capitol) Poor old Fred – he works himself into a fair old tizzy but his LP still ends up a birrova bore. One or two tracks – like "Jam Tonight" – are a bit more sprightly than the smoothie stuff of yore but mostly it's still desperately clichéd soul crooning, with lyrics of the "you're the only one" (ho hum) and "gonna lurve you all night long" (zzzz) variety, set to the predictable tinkly-tonkly electronic piano or syrupy strings. Even his own vocals (hopelessly overdone, presumably to compensate for the naff material) sound as if they have more to do with indigestion than passion. A good singer who deserves better songs.

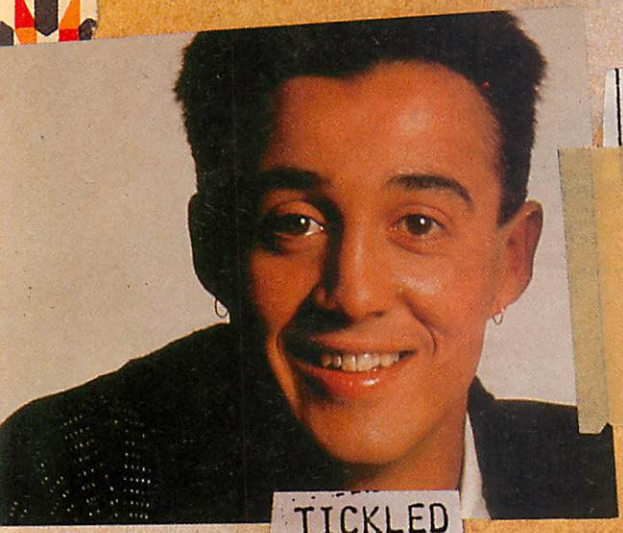
(4 out of 10)

Ian Cranna



GOLD SPOT
STOPS YOUR MOUTH
FEELING LIKE A...

GET THIS WEEK'S JUST SEVENTEEN AND YOU'LL BE.....

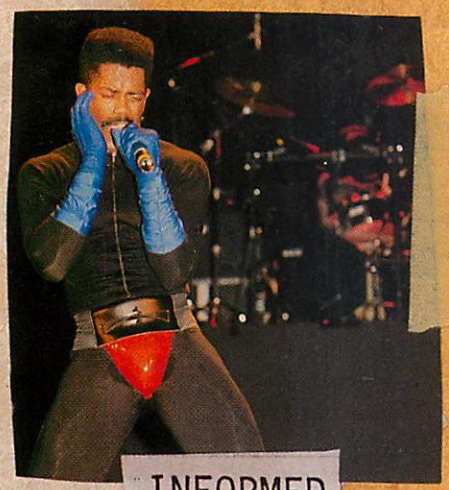


TICKLED

TICKLED PINK by ANDREW RIDGELEY - he's this week's HILLIER'S HUNK

ENTERTAINED by a scorching hot interview with PAT FROM BROOKSIDE

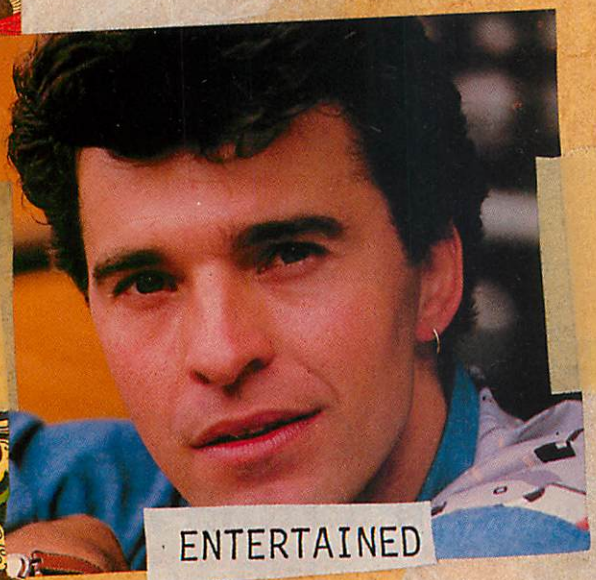
THRILLED by a super pic of NIK KERSHAW in the centre



INFORMED

AMAZED by the FASHION - there's zillions of COATS to choose from and the latest COLLEGE LOOK to study

AMUSED by SMILEY CULTURE who takes a trip back to his old school



ENTERTAINED

INFORMED about the FUNKIEST BAND around (check out Larry of Cameo's cod piece)

GLOSSY HAIRED with a FREE sachet of SHAMPOO

JUST SEVENTEEN OUT NOW 47p

BEEP!

In the next "issue" of Britain's Brightest Pop Thingie there will be. . .

- **BON JOVI** in a smelly tour "bus"
- **SIMPLE MINDS** in "gay" (hem hem) Paree
- **ALISON MOYET** in a chicken coop (or something)
- **A-HA** with no clothes on in a swimming pool
- **THE COCTEAU TWINS** in that swirlsome mist which is known as "life"
- **LOTS OF OTHER THINGS** which we haven't thought of yet
- **PLUS** Part 2 of *The Smash Hits Book Of Personal Files* featuring **MADONNA, BILLY IDOL, NIK KERSHAW, MIDGE URE, MAGS of A-HA** and some other people too.

Smash Hits

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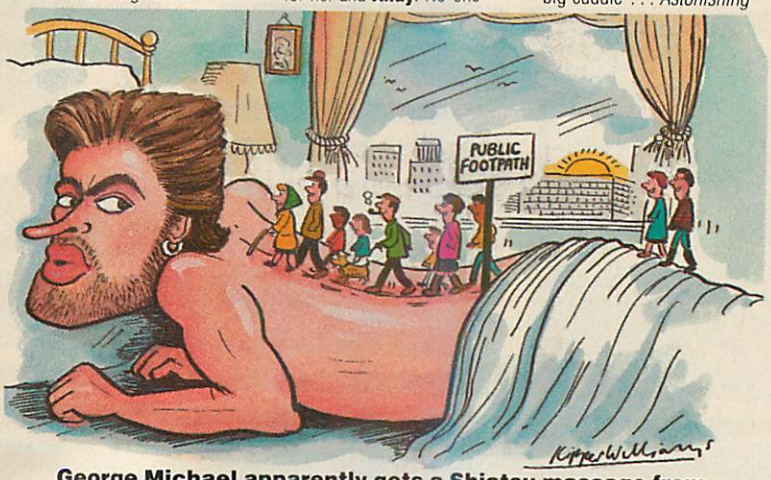
Mutterings

Right. Let's go. Who's going to start the bidding, then, in the *Mutterings* Lets-Spend-Lots-Of-Money-In-As-Silly-A-Way-As-Possible Competition? Opening the bids... **Dead Or Alive**! Apparently they paid £500 a day just so that **Pete Burns** could ride Fury, the horse in the Lloyds Bank ads, in their "Brand New Lover" video! Which is topped by... **Michael Jackson**! He carried a £750 leather handbag when he dressed up as an old lady to go to the premiere of his film *Captain Eo* (see page 3) so that no one would recognise him. He also, it is rumoured, wore a long black gown, a heavy fur "wrap", a big hat and tinted glasses after rejecting his other two disguises – as an usher and as a Disney Robot. Which is almost as mad as... **Prince**! His Royal Purplishness has apparently splashed out £5,000 on Swedish 19-year-old model Fatima Bergstrom whom he met in a Paris Jazz club – including £3,500 on a diamond ring and £1,300 on a plane ticket to Minneapolis to be "with" him. Almost as strange as **Peter Foster**! *Who?* He's the Australian "tea millionaire" who apparently has had the "privilege" of dating **Samantha Fox** for the last five months and has plied her with "champagne all over the world" (whatever *that* means), a romantic safari holiday and her very own £10,000 racehorse. Which is exactly the same amount of money that has fallen into the hands of... **Frankie Goes To Hollywood**! That's the value of free goods *Nike* gave them about a year ago (plus free Wimbledon tickets, believe it or not) in the vain hope the band would wear them everywhere. They haven't. Not at all. Still, £10,000 is nothing compared to the amount squandered by... **Stevie Wonder**! He's spent £40,000 on, er, learning to fly, even though he's blind. Apparently on his first go in a light aircraft he said: "It was fun for a few moments but the plane suddenly nose-dived." Any bids higher than 40,000? How about... **Mick Paladin**! *Who?* He's the photographer who, irked by **Sean Penn**'s habit of biffing photographers, has put an ad in an American magazine challenging Penn to a *£68,000 prize-fight.* "It doesn't sound like a good idea," muttered one of Sean's friends... Not quite as good an idea, anyway, as writing a song and then finding someone wants to use it as a film title – as discovered by... **The Psychedelic Furs**! They got paid £120,000 for allowing their title "Pretty In Pink" to be used. But even that isn't as much as has been offered to... **Madonna**! The makers of *Dynasty* have apparently promised her £1 *million* if she'll appear in just six episodes. But even *that* isn't as much as spent by this year's winner... **Sylvester Stallone**! He's paid a "snippish" £11 million for a house including a 50-seat theatre, a wine cellar with vintages from the 19th century, two guest homes and an eight car garage connected to the house by a 100ft tunnel. It didn't, sadly, have a polo park so he's building one. *Mutterings* would like to point out that £11 million is enough money to hire Fury for around 70 years, to buy Michael Jackson around 15,000 handbags, to "woo" Samantha Fox over *one thousand* (groo) times, to teach Stevie Wonder to fly over 250 times, to fight Sean Penn just under a hundred times, to buy nine Psychedelic Furs titles or get Madonna in 66 episodes of Dynasty. Money – who needs it, eh?... (*I'll pay you 10p if you can think of 25 Astonishing Facts – Ed.*) Er... Astonishing Fact 1! **Roger Taylor** of **Duran Duran** and his wife are expecting a baby! *Astonishing Fact 2*! **Lorraine** from **Five Star** recently failed her driving test when the clutch slipped and the car bumped the curb – afterwards she had a bit of a sniffle on Stedman's shoulder... *Astonishing Fact 3*! Danny Aiello, the bloke in **Madonna**'s "Papa Don't Preach" video, has recorded an "answer" record called "Papa Only Wants The Best"... *Astonishing Fact 4*! **Nick Kamen**, the bloke who takes his clothes off in the laundry in those *Levi*'s ads, has had his first single – gasp! – written and produced by **Madonna** who also does backing vocals. It's called "Every Time You Break My Heart" and is out "soon"... *Astonishing Fact 5*! When **Owen Paul** told a recent girlfriend, Louise, that he didn't want to go out with her anymore she "squashed a raw egg in my face". Hardly surprising if he keeps saying things like "I'd love to pose for a magazine like *Playgirl*" (i.e. with not v many clothes on.) Groo!... *Astonishing Fact 6*! **Sarah-Jane Morris**, the other singer on **The Communards**' "Don't Leave Me This Way", has modelled for "naughty" magazines and sung bawdy "sex" songs in dodgy clubs... *Astonishing Fact 7*! **Don Johnson** has apparently been taking Bonnie Pointer of **The Pointer Sisters** cruising in his 40ft speedboat and is in *luvve*... *Astonishing Fact 8*! **Elton John** has given **Fergie** a song as a present for her and **Andy**. No-one else can hear it but apparently it's like his instrumental "Song For Guy" but "more royal"... *Astonishing Fact 9*! **Run DMC** are making a film called *Tougher Than Leather* – apparently a cross between *Beverly Hills Cops* and *Rambo* (i.e. not very good)... *Astonshing Fact 10*! While **The Psychedelic Furs** were at the Edgewater Hotel in Seattle, built on a pier over a lake, frogmen dredged the water below and found, thanks to the efforts of numerous rock'n'roll bands over the years, 27 TVs, 15 sofas and assorted tables and chairs... *Astonishing Fact 11*! **Paula Yates**' dodgy tattoo on her arm apparently covers an ever dodgier one saying HELL, done during a youthful infatuation with American punk rocker Richard Hell... *Astonishing Fact 12*! **Dave Stewart** from **The Eurythmics** has broken three vertebrae in his back, is in wheelchair some of the time, and has to sleep on the floor... *Astonishing Fact 13*! It's claimed that tramps invaded the London film set of **Bob Dylan**'s film *Hearts On Fire* (as anyone would have noticed, snigger)... *Astonishing Fact 14*! Bunty Bailey, the girl in **A-ha**'s "Take On Me" vid, has a teddy called Mr Anonymous. "I change his name," she explains, "every time I fancy someone new and give him a big cuddle"... *Astonishing Fact 15*! **Madonna** and **Sean Penn** are supposed to have had *another* big row after Sean was half an hour late picking her up – it's said she kicked him out of their $3 million Malibu house and threw off her gold wedding ring... *Astonishing Fact 16*! According to *the Daily Express* **Madonna** is planning to tour Britain next year... *Astonishing Fact 17*! **Billy Joel** has been banned from eating pizzas, peanut and pasta in a bid to de-chubbify him – he was recently spotted in a New York restaurant sobbing into a stick of celery... *Astonishing Fact 18*! **Paul Young** slimmed down to 12½ stones in Italy recently after shedding 19lbs by cutting out junk food, eating three meals a day, going windsurfing and being jolly healthy. How *disgusting. Astonishing Facts 19-21*! **Prince** claims to have written all his music for the next ten years and to have successfully predicted all the musical trends that will occur! Prince only wears women's perfume because "the smell lasts longer" – his usual is something called *Molinard de Molinard*! Prince's co-star in *Under The Cherry Moon* hated kissing him so much that she got into trouble for *squirming*! Originally Christopher Tracey (Prince) in the film didn't die because they were planning a sequel – now Prince is planning to do a completely different film, again in France, starting November 1987! *Astonishing Fact 22*! **Sade** is living in her home near Barcelona reunited with her old boyfriend, says *The Mirror*. All very well but all the other papers claimed on the same day that she's "with" Spanish businessman Carlos Sovla Plieg and has a £90,000 flat in Madrid (and showed photos of the two of them together). Odd, eh?... *Astonishing Fact 23*! **Dave Stewart** was given (gulp) an elephant called Karen by **Annie Lennox** at his recent New York birthday party... *Astonishing Fact 24*! **Duran Duran** haven't split up! Though they *have* shrunk a bit. All the rumours about a new guitarist are apparently a load of old tosh, as far as their album is concerned, anyway. **Nile Rogers** had played most of the guitar parts and **Andy Taylor** flew in, played on a couple of tracks and negotiated a huge fee for leaving Duran Duran permanently (rumour has it John wanted him to rejoin but Simon and Nick weren't so keen). And now, finally, *Mutterings* gets rich with *Astonishing Fact 25*... (*Oh dear, we've run our of room, haw haw – Ed.*)



George Michael apparently gets a Shiatsu massage from his girlfriend Kathy most mornings – after the "blissful relaxing feeling" of having thumbs pressed painfully all over his body the climax finally involves Kathy "improving his spine" by walking up and down his back!!!

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